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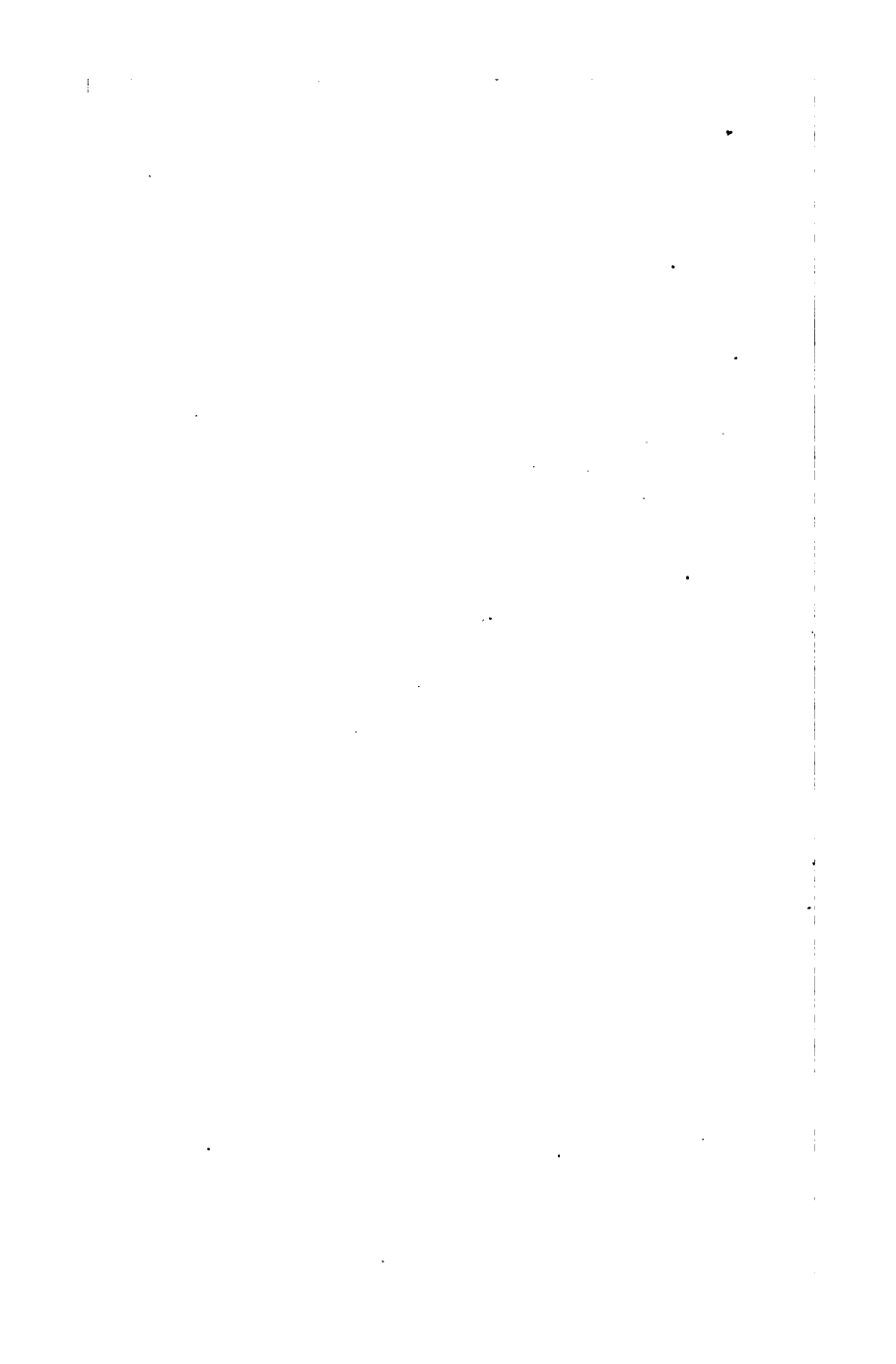
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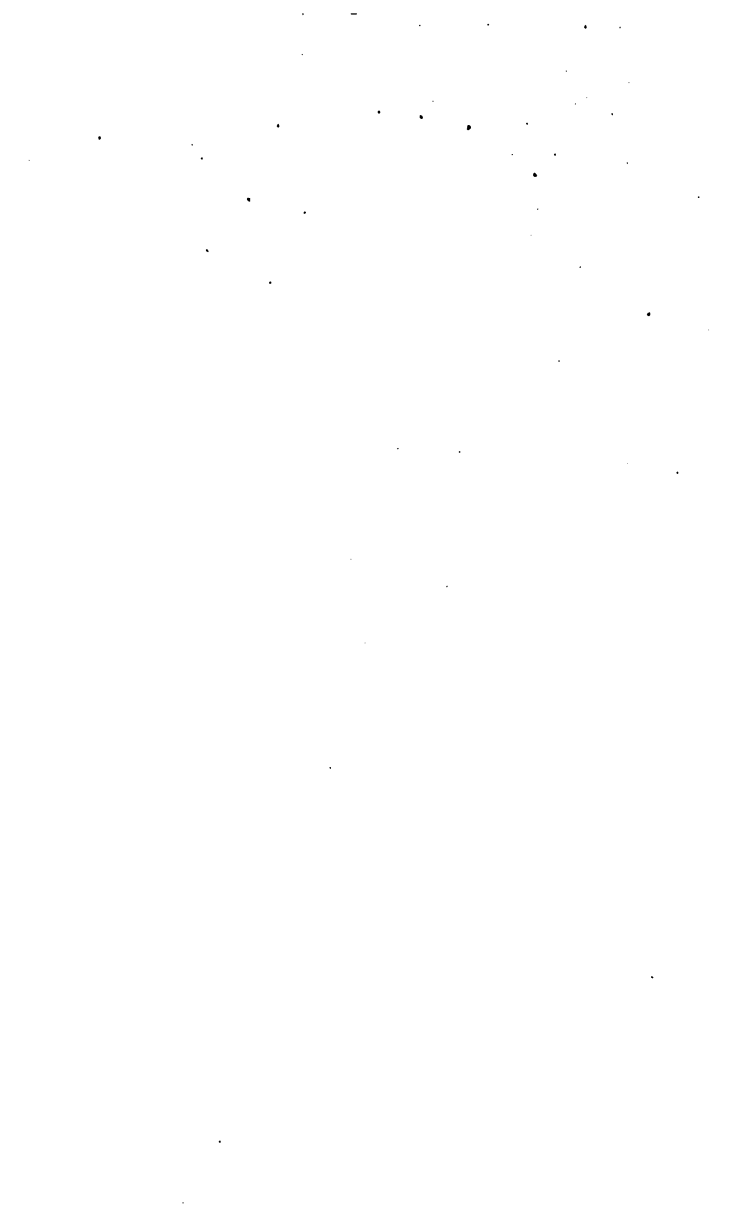


**A TOUR IN
FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND.**

Wild clime ! where rivers rob their hue from heaven ;
Where hoary mountains blush at eventide ;
Where icy thunderbolts, the rocks have riven ;
Where roses blossom on the glacier's side ;
Where fire-flies flash, and o'er the torrents ride ;
Where Night, with death-pale Iris, loves to roam ;
Where TELL's wild spectre still is seen to glide ,
Where Nature's Babel rears her guiltless dome ;
Where Freedom, aye and Love, have ever found a home !

'Tis done ! my truant steps now turn to home.
In after years, my soul shall fondly dwell,
Where she, in youth's gay dream, was wont to roam ;
For nought but death, can break the magic spell,
That binds my heart, that bids my bosom swell,
Whene'er young Fancy paints afresh each scene
I loved to view ! yes—oft my tongue will tell,
Again its thrice-told tale to those, I wean,
Whose kindred souls have joyed to rove where mine hath been .

W. H. LEATHAM.







PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE BY HARRISON W. WOODHOUSE, LANE. EDS

1875

1875
1876
1877

ADVENTURES
WITH MY
ALPEN-STOCK AND CARPET-BAG,
OR A
THREE WEEKS' TRIP
TO
FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND,

By WILLIAM SMITH, JUN.,

MORLEY, YORKSHIRE.

"Oh, beautiful waves of the past!
Your ripples I love to see,
As ye water the pale Forget-me-nots,
On the shores of Memory."—S. R. F. Power.

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TO THE
REV. PROFESSOR MORRIS,

BRECON COLLEGE, SOUTH WALES.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

With your kind permission, I most respectfully dedicate this little book, my first literary attempt, to you. The gift, I am aware, is not of much worth in itself, but it is offered sincerely, as a token of my attachment to you as a Friend, and my admiration of your character as a Minister of the Gospel.

As a Friend, (ever since we had the pleasure of being acquainted) I have found you warm and steadfast, and on several occasions I have been indebted to you for your endeavours to promote my true and permanent interests.

As a Minister, I remember with pleasure, your ministrations in the Old Chapel in our village, where, for a long period, you zealously and fearlessly, fulfilled the duties pertaining to your office.

I know no one, to whom I could, with greater satisfaction or pleasure to myself, dedicate these pages,

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM SMITH, JUN.

P R E F A C E .

In the middle of the present summer (among a heterogeneous crowd of tourists, by the irresistible power of Steam) I was propelled through France into Switzerland, a country of which I had often read and heard, but never seen. For near a fortnight, I was scampering through this delightful land, gazing upon its many beauties.

Importuned by friends, to give my reminiscences in print, with much diffidence I send forth this little volume; and in doing so I must remind those who may honour it with a perusal, that it has been written in my leisure hours, after the necessary labours of the day, and consequently will be found deficient in many respects.

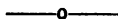
If however, it affords as much pleasure to my readers, as it has done to me during its composition, I shall be amply repaid.

Allow me to offer my sincere thanks to my friends, for the interest they have taken in the welfare of the Book.

MORLEY, NEAR LEEDS,

October 15th, 1864.

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ERRATA.

Page 21, line 16, for "as well, as well," read "as well."

Page 25, line 25, for "carte de visites," read "cartes de
visite."

Page 64, line 24, for "ethereal," read "ethereal."

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES,

(Received too late for classification, in the List at the end of the
Volume.)

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A TOUR IN FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND.

CHAPTER I.

"When shall I tread thy fertile shores again,
Land of the warlike Gaul, salubrious France,
Land of the wine cup, festal song and dance,
Sweet lips, bright eyes, and hearts unknown to pain ?

* * * * *
Treasured in memory, thy charms have lain,
Since last I saw thee in the Summer glow.—J. C. PRINCE.

Having spent a most agreeable and pleasant week in the capital of France, in August of last year, my appetite for continental travelling was whetted thereby ; and I determined, all being well, that my next trip should extend through France into Switzerland. To see the mountains had been a dream with me ever since childhood's days ; when panoramic and dissolving views of Swiss scenery, which often visited our village, gave me a strange yearning for a sight of the originals, not unmingled with doubt as to whether they could be half so beautiful. Many years passed away, and there never seemed even the shadow of a hope that the dream would come true, but this summer everything proved favourable for the expedition ; and now, that I have seen under most favourable circumstances, that wonderful city, Paris, the capital of Europe, as well as those still more wonderful creations, the Alps, I will endeavour to tell you how I went, how I fared, what I saw, and what are my impressions thereon.

Naming my intention of going to Switzerland to two of my friends, about a fortnight previous to the time of departure, they readily consented to bear me company ; and during that interval of time, had you come upon us unexpectedly, you would have found us in a scrutinizing manner, pondering over maps, guide books, railway time tables, and steam-boat advertisements, with a pertinacity you might have thought worthy of a better cause. With as little luggage and as much good spirits as possible, we started on Wednesday, June the 29th, 1864, and travelled the first stage of our journey, namely, from Morley to London. Nothing of interest occurred during our ride, and we reached King's Cross at six o'clock, p.m.

Early on Thursday morning we left London Bridge for Newhaven, and much amusement we managed to get on the journey, out of the little nothings which constitute the ordinary adventures of friends bent on enjoying themselves. On reaching the Station Hotel, at Newhaven, we provided ourselves with a "friend in our pockets," by exchanging English money for French sous, centimes and napoleons, and taking some slight refreshment, prepared for our ride across the Channel. We stood for some time on the quay, watching with interest the commotion going on and usually attendant on the sailing of a vessel ; porters with heavy trunks sweating under their burdens, the captain in vociferous tones calling out his many orders, and the numerous passengers scrambling at the risk of life and limb to secure a comfortable berth. We had to go on the gangway to get on deck, and the luggage and passengers were so mingled that it was a difficult thing to distinguish our destination ; whether with the luggage we should be shot down into the hold, or be allowed to climb over the

mountain of trunks and carpet bags, on the gangway, and find a more congenial resting place near "the man at the wheel." Eventually we stood on the deck of the "Orleans" now panting and puffing to get away. At eleven o'clock we started out of the harbour, and after we had got a little distance out to sea, a beautiful panorama lay before us. The town and harbour of Newhaven with its trim smacks and picturesque looking sailors in their blue jackets and red caps was a rather effective sight. To our left were the chalk cliffs of England, with their pleasing associations; and one of the party on board descanted to us of the time when the Britons so bravely defended themselves against the attacks of the Romans. On the top of these self-same cliffs the brave fellows stood, determined to maintain their own, against the invasion of Julius Cæsar. For a while all went along smoothly on board, but I scarcely need tell the reader what a change came over the spirit of our company when our gallant vessel began to mount the waves. Laughing eyes became mournful enough, and jolly faces were lengthened into dolorous visages, and one of my companions sought the cabin, and looked wistfully into the pail at his feet. The God of the sea demanded his tribute. One of my friends obeyed at one side of the cabin while Mr. W. answered at the other. Being one of the fortunate few who are never sea-sick, this trip on the sea was a real pleasure to me.

During the ride, the steward told me a story of a Frenchman who crossed the channel a short time previous, and who not having been to sea before, experienced the sensations peculiar to most travellers, and on the steward asking him how he felt, he said

"Dreadful! *him* take my belly, and *him* lift him up, then *him* take my belly and *him* put him down, then *him* take my belly and *him* turn it all round." "Not a bad definition" said the steward, as he looked upon the helpless creatures around.

About five o'clock in the afternoon we reached Dieppe, the Scarbro' of France, and we were welcomed by a crowd on the pier, at the mouth of the harbour, and winding our way round the curve of the narrow channel, we observed on either side of the harbour, a large crucifix, symbolical of the national faith. Our vessel was soon made fast, and giving our ticket to an official, we stepped on shore. About fifty "touters" awaited our arrival, and at once gave vent to clamorous praises of the various hotels which they represented, some in glib French, others in doubtful English, and some with a strange mixture of both. Passing along, we walked to the railway station, a distance of half-a-mile, through the fish market, and along a street full of hotels and *restaurants*.

At the station hotel we obtained refreshment, though with some difficulty, on account of the crush, but whilst waiting for "our turn" a loud chorus of laughter broke forth, caused by one enthusiastic traveller calling out in his mother tongue, "Waiter, some beef and bread." Our hungry friend began now to feel the perplexity of his position, wanting refreshment and not able to ask for it, except in his native *patois*. Both at this stage of our journey, and till its close, we, too, felt the need of a better acquaintance with the French language. Leaving Dieppe at seven o'clock, we travelled along the bed of a rich valley, from which on both sides arose beautifully wooded slopes, studded with tall poplars,

and after the lapse of two hours a porter opened the carriage door and shouted "*Rouen, vous avez dix minutes a rester ici*" which a friend kindly interpreted to mean, that ten minutes was allowed for refreshments. We entered the *buffet* or refreshment room, a tastefully arranged place, adorned with groups of the finest flowers of the season, and amply supplied with fruits and provisions.

The allotted time having elapsed, we again sped on our way, remarking to each other on the new phases of life we every moment saw, new faces, new costumes, and new manners. The second class carriage we rode in was luxuriantly stuffed and padded, so that we really took our ease as we were whirled along. The first part of the eighty-five miles between Rouen and Paris is over a flat, sandy district, badly cultivated; leaving that, we came into a district of marsh and peat. As we neared Paris we came upon towns and villages, churches, villas, and chateaux; through corn lands, vineyards, and orchards, with the river Seine by our side nearly the whole of the way. We reached Paris at eleven o'clock, p.m., thankful that our day's journey was at an end. Crossing the street from the railway station, we secured accommodation at the Hotel du Havre, Rue d' Amsterdam. After a good wash we partook of some *café au lait*, or coffee and milk, with eatables, and proceeded to the custom house to obtain our luggage, which had been detained for examination. We entered a large room, and from amongst the mass of bags, trunks, and boxes, we eventually found our own; and opening them for inspection, was attended to immediately, and nothing being found which warranted our detention, we were allowed to depart.

CHAPTER II.

"I see thee yet, fair France, thou favour'd land
Of art and nature, thou art still before me;
Thy sons, to whom their labour is as sport,
So will the grateful soil return its tribute;
Thy sun-burnt daughters, with their laughing eyes
And glossy raven locks. But, favour'd France,
Thou hast had many a tale of woe to tell
In ancient times as now."—ANON.

Friday morning. Rose at eight o'clock, came down to breakfast—no easy task—having seventy steps to descend, all of polished oak, and bees-waxed till they shone like a mirror. We made our bow to *madame*, and ordered breakfast. During the time we were eating and drinking we had full opportunity to look about us, both indoors and out. Our hotel on the ground floor displayed all, through its open front to every eye, and we were the observed of all who choose to notice as they lounged and sauntered past. After our morning repast we went to the Madeleine, whose exterior is a copy of a Greek temple, an oblong hall, surrounded by massive Corinthian pillars. No one passing it would suppose it to be a church. The length of it is one hundred and forty yards, and the breadth forty-six yards; no insignificant size. We entered it and found an air of splendour about it, imparted by the lavish gilding, rich marbles, and the beautiful paintings. I could not help thinking as we lounged through this and other magnificent specimens of ecclesiastical architecture, how the English seem to saunter in and out of these sacred edifices, as if they had been designed for their especial holiday gratification. Whilst in the Madeleine the service

commenced, and we watched the proceedings for some time. We commented perhaps too freely on the mummeries being enacted, and then moved on, criticising the paintings and statuary; and I am afraid by the manner we seemed to peer about, lest we should miss anything, that we should come under the class which a writer has stigmatized as follows:—Go to, I say, you English tourists, you are not decent, you lack that reverence for solemn things venerated by millions, whose creed is other than yours, which should move you to bow the head in the temple of the Romanist, or in the mosque of the turbaned Greek, for although his faith be false, it is with his whole heart that he is praying to Allah; He is praying, and the cathedral or mosque is sanctified by his prayers." The cost of the Madeleine was above half-a-million sterling. It was first founded under Louis XV; then transformed by a decree of Napoleon I. into a Temple of Fame, in which the soldiers of the grand army were to assemble, in order to celebrate with odes and orations the victories of Austerlitz and Jena. It was completed in Louis Philippe's reign, and it is justly considered one of the finest monuments of Paris.

From the Madeleine a few steps brought us into the Place de la Concorde. This is the largest square in Europe, and a sight of it is well worth a long journey. In the centre is the Luxor column, an obelisk brought from Egypt, and erected at a cost of £80,000; and it is placed on the exact spot where the guillotine stood. What a terrible drama was enacted on this spot in 1794, during the Reign of Terror! So numerous were the executions that an immense reservoir had to be made to receive the flow of blood; and at the hour of execution

four men were employed in emptying the buckets into the reservoir. Louis XVI, Maria Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Danton, Robespierre, and others suffered here. How appropriate was Chateaubriand's suggestion "that a large fountain should be erected on this spot, with an inscription declaring that all the water in the world would not wash away the blood which had been shed there." On each side of the obelisk is a fountain in bronze. The square connects the gardens of the Tuileries with the Champs Elysées or Elysian Fields. We crossed the square and entered the gardens. How shall I describe the scene before us? This charming place is about half-a-mile long, and nearly one-fourth of a mile wide. On the eastern side is the Imperial Palace of the Emperor, extending the entire width of the gardens. We mounted an elevated terrace, commanding an entire view of the place—seventy acres in extent; one half of which is shadowed by lofty trees, beneath which we found smooth promenades and grassy enclosures. The attractions of the place were heightened by the multitudes of people that were there. Hundreds, nay thousands of people were moving along the avenues, crossing each other in all directions. It was a scene of unmixed beauty and enjoyment. During our stay in Paris we often repeated our visits to these gardens. At three o'clock in the afternoon every day, it is said that twenty thousand persons, three-fourths of whom are women and children, may be seen here. Not having time to loiter here, we entered Rue Rivoli or Rivoli street, and proceeded on our way to Notre Dame. During this walk our olfactory nerves were regaled with scents which had never come from Araby or Cologne. For a while we could not find out the cause, but in the end we

discovered it to arise from certain regulations in the street, which cannot be considered in any other light than a great drawback to this city. It seems as if about everything and everybody in Paris there is an air of taking it uncommonly easy; so easy indeed, that nuisances and inconveniencies which would not be tolerated in England for a single day, are submitted to with indifference. There are certain little matters allowed to exist, over which we in England like to draw a veil. We were much pleased with Notre Dame, which is the grandest church in Paris; indeed, it was considered at the time it was finished, the finest temple ever raised in honour of christianity. The profusion of elaborate chisel work in the west front, and the great rose window especially attracted our notice. Recalling to each other some of the historical incidents connected with this venerable pile, we lingered about it for a considerable length of time. Here was celebrated the coronation of the great Napoleon; and here also the coronation of the once purple clad exile. "Eight and thirty years ago the imperial robes were for ever torn from the shoulders of Napoleon I, to be restored, in direct contradiction to the calculations of human foresight, to his nephew, and thus to lend their *prestige* to the marriage of Napoleon III." We ascended the tower, and the view we obtained of Paris and the surrounding country, amply repaid us for the toil. A writer sketching facetiously from this point of view, has unintentionally described the impression we had of Paris, from the leads of Notre Dame. He says "everything is so clean outside the houses, that you might imagine the slates on the roofs to be swept every day, and the cats warned to wipe their feet, under heavy

penalties, on specially provided roof mats; the roadway to be hearth-stoned as well as the door steps, the boats, swimming schools, and bathing places on the banks of the river beeswaxed, the mortar scraped and pointed, and the quays washed with soap and water."

We entered the cathedral on reaching *terra firma* again, and as service was being performed, we had an opportunity of hearing to advantage, the splendid organ, or as sturdy John Knox calls it, the "kist fu' o' whistles."

It was now five o'clock, and nature beginning to assert her rights, we turned our steps towards the Palais Royal, where we purposed dining at one of the many restaurants, or eating-houses in that locality. Among the many remarkable differences which we noticed between our own country and Paris, none struck us more than these establishments, one of which we entered. From the appearance of the interior at this hour, it would seem as if society in Paris, live entirely in public. After taking our seats, the attentive *garçon* or waiter presented the bill of fare, called "*la carte*," and recognizing us as Englishmen, he favoured us with it written in English. After the soups, came "leg of roast beef with roast potatoes," "fillet of beef with sauce," and other equally unknown dishes. Our dinner however, this day consisted of soup, several courses of meat, fowl, &c., dessert and half bottle of wine which cost us two and a half francs, or two shillings English money. During dinner, in the gardens of the Palais Royal, and opposite the window at which we sat, a grand fountain was playing, and subsequently, a military band discoursed good music for our gratification.

After dinner we adjourned to a café in the garden, and indulged in a cup of coffee, which, in Paris, is really a delicious drink. I dare say my friends thought me enthusiastic in my love of French coffee, but as a proof of its excellence, it must be borne in mind that this beverage is to Frenchmen, what tea and gin are to our washerwomen, what the bottle of port is to the English squire; or the "dhrop of whisky" is to the Irishman. We never drink healths in tea, but the French often pledge each other in a cup of coffee, of course with a little cognac in it.

This Palais Royal, in the front portion of which resides Prince Napoleon, is in the form of a parallelogram. The garden in it is two hundred and thirty yards long, by one hundred yards broad, and consists of flower beds down the centre, with three rows of elms, and limes, down each side, affording a most agreeable shade in the hot summer weather, and are frequented by many thousands daily. We strolled round, and admired the numerous magnificent shops which ostentatiously displayed shawls and silks, gold and silver, crystals and precious stones; a sight of itself almost sufficient to attract a stranger to Paris.

We now made our way to the Champs Elysées, which have their name from the imaginary paradise of the Greeks. It is indeed a kind of paradise; such, as I should suppose is found nowhere else. Nothing could present a more lively scene than was presented here on this fine summer's evening. At each side of the grand avenue—along which a perpetual stream of carriages is pouring—are splendid avenues of trees; and at each side of these are places of public amusement, shows, etc., usual at fairs. Numerous elegant coffee

houses are sprinkled here and there. Seats are placed under the shade of the trees, and along the alleys, as well as several graceful fountains.

The 1855 Exhibition building stands about half-way up on the left hand side. A row of cast-iron lamp posts extends the entire length, from the Place de la Concorde to the Triumphal Arch, a distance of a mile and a half. Hundreds of lights were dispersed amongst the trees, and in front of the cafès, &c. During the time we were taking this walk the whole was lighted up, and the effect was very beautiful. We turned for a short time into what is termed a *café chantant* or out door concert. We sat in the open air, breathing the most genial atmosphere I ever felt, drinking the light wine, which, like our cup of Howqua's mixture, cheers but not inebriates, at our ease, admiring the grounds, resplendent with flowers and brilliant with jets of fire, and all the time listening to a melody of pleasing sounds. But as our intention was to see the celebrated Jardin Mabille, we left about nine o'clock, and went to that popular place of amusement. It is generally understood when one goes abroad, to see foreign places, people and customs, it is desirable to go to both the ordinary and extraordinary places of resort. Hence a visit to these gardens is necessary. Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe the authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin, has given a description of these gardens as they appeared on her visit, and which will equally apply to ours. She says:—"Weston and I slipped out and drove to the Jardin Mabille, a garden in the Champs Elysées, whither thousands go every night. We entered by an avenue of poplars and other trees and shrubs, so illuminated by jets of gas sprinkled amongst the foliage

as to give it the effect of enchantment. It was neither moonlight nor daylight, but a kind of spectral aurora, that made every thing seem unearthly.

As we entered the garden, we found flower beds laid out in circles, squares, lozenges, and every conceivable form, with diminutive jets of gas so distributed as to imitate flowers of the softest tints, and the most perfect shape. This too, seemed unearthly, weird. We seemed in an instant, transported into some Thalaba's cave, infinitely beyond the common sights and sounds of every day life. In the centre of these grounds there is a circle of pillars, on the top of each of which is a pot of flowers, with gas jets, and between them an arch of gas gets. This circle is very large. In the midst of it is another circle, forming a pavilion for musicians, also brilliantly illuminated, and containing a large cotillon band of the most finished performers.

Around this you find thousands of gentlemen and ladies strolling singly, in pairs, or in groups. There could not be less than three thousand persons present. While the musicians repose, they loiter, sauntering round, or recline on seats.

But now a lively waltz strikes the ear. In an instant twenty or thirty couples are whirling along, floating like thistles in the wind, around the central pavilion. Their feet scarce touch the smooth-trodden earth. Round and round, in a vortex of life, beauty, and brilliancy they go, a whirlwind of delight. Eyes sparkling, cheeks flushing, and gauzy draperies floating by; while the crowds outside gather in a ring, and watch the giddy revel. There are countless forms of symmetry and grace, faces of wondrous beauty, both among the dancers and among the spectators.

It is a scene perfectly unearthly, or rather perfectly Parisian, and just as earthly as possible ; yet a scene where earthliness is worked up into a style of sublimation the most exquisite conceivable.

It is a place so remarkable that very few strangers stay long in Paris without a look at it. And though young ladies residing in Paris never go, and matrons very seldom, yet occasionally it is the case that some ladies of respectability look in. The best dancers, those who exhibit such surprising feats of agility, are *professional*—paid by the establishment.

Nevertheless, aside from the impropriety inherent in the very nature of waltzing, there was not a word, look, or gesture of immorality or impropriety. The dresses were all decent ; and if there was vice, it was vice masked under the guise of polite propriety."

We left this place about eleven o'clock ; reached our lodgings, and climbing to " our garret near the sky," my intention was to have a night's rest, but in this I signally failed.

CHAPTER III.

"In a compaignie
Of sondry folke, by adventure yfalle,
In felawship."—CHAUCER.

"The traveller into a foreign country knows more by the eye
than he that stayeth at home can by relation of the traveller."
BACON.

Friday morning.—Waking about one o'clock, I found it too hot, and concluded the window of my bed-room must be opened, but to effect this was no easy task. It was a French window of course, opening down the centre. With difficulty I at last succeeded, and throwing it wide open, returned to bed, but about three o'clock I found myself wide awake, completely, suddenly, and unaccountably. Some one has said, that, "the human mind at this time is not itself," but be that as it may, I found that the senses were in full play; the organ of hearing was acted upon by a chorus of voices far from musical, and the sense of smell was regaled with scents that Rimmel knows not of. On looking out of the window I found the noise proceeded from half-a-dozen night soil men, following their nocturnal avocations, and the smell came from cooking that was being carried on at that early hour in rooms below my own. I closed the window and lay awake till it was quite daylight, when I again opened it, and made a more minute survey of the neighbourhood. I observed that the room I occupied overlooked a square, surrounded by buildings, seven stories in height, and I could see that each storey had its separate tenant, and that there did not seem much of domestic comfort in them. But,

when I got down to breakfast, I made enquiry and learnt that to make comfortable homes is not the object in Paris ; on the contrary, it is upon public places that time and expense are employed, and these are made as luxurious as possible.

After breakfast, we took 'bus to Pere la Chaise, and on our way passed through the Place de la Bastille. There the column of July stands, commemorating the citizens who fell on the memorable days, the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, 1830, and who are buried beneath. Who has not heard of the Bastille, the stronghold of cruelty. Tales of suffering and torture, and death in darkness and solitude, crowd upon the recollection here, and every one must rejoice that the terrible drama of which the Bastille was the scene can never be re-enacted.

We reached Pere la Chaise, and entered on the side nearest the city. This cemetery is the Westminster Abbey of Paris. Both are the dwellings of the dead ; but in one they repose in green alleys and beneath the open sky ; in the other their resting place is the shadowy aisle and beneath the dim arches of an ancient abbey. Or as a writer, speaking of them, says :—In one the soft melancholy of the scene is rendered still more touching by the warble of birds and the shade of trees, and the grave receives the gentle visit of the sunshine and the shower ; in the other no sound but the passing footfall breaks the silence of the place ; the twilight steals in through high and dusky windows.

We took an avenue leading to the right, as I was particularly anxious to find a monument I knew lay in that direction. We soon found it in the form of a small gothic chapel, and on a marble couch within, lay two figures carved in stone. This was the tomb of

Abélard and Héloïse—the monk and his mistress—whose history and letters will be familiar to some of my readers. We ascended the hill and soon found ourselves in the deep shade of heavy foliage; where the branches of the yew and cypress mingled, and which seemed to be the most populous part of this city of tombs. On every side we saw pyramids, obelisks, mounds, and small chapels; many of which bore the names of men, whose glory have exalted their native land. Philosophers, historians, musicians, warriors and poets, slept side by side. We took down the names of a few. Masséna, general of the empire; De Foy, statesman of the restoration; Casimir Périer, whose name will ever live in the history of France; Volney, Moliere, the Shakespeare of France; and last, though not least, Marshal Ney. We sought a long time for the spot where Ney was buried, and eventually found it—an enclosed piece of ground with flower beds; but no stone of any description, and with the exception of the name cut on the iron gate by some Englishman, there was nothing to guide the stranger to this shrine of military greatness. We each gathered a rose as a slight memento of our visit. For nearly three hours we wandered in this celebrated and deeply interesting place.

Taking 'bus again we rode to the Jardin des Plants, answering to our English zoological gardens. It is the richest collection of natural history in the world. We entered by way of the botanic garden, with its spacious alleys; its precious and skilfully arranged plants; its greenhouses, aquatic plants and beautiful avenues of trees. In the grounds may be seen nearly every known kind of flower, shrub or tree, native or exotic,

from the smallest bush to the gigantic cedar of Lebanon. The number of stuffed specimens in the museums in the grounds, is two hundred thousand. We spent several hours in these grounds, watching the gambols of the monkees, the manœuvres of Bruin in his den, the sluggish waddle of the hippopotamus in his bath, and the various manners and customs of the thousand forms of animal life which met our gaze.

From this place we walked to the Palais Royal to dinner, not that we were much pleased with the fare presented to us ; but the music, etc., caused us to take our meal of *rosbif* there, more frequently, than suited either our organs of digestion, or our English sense of taste. After dinner we looked in at the Church of St. Germain. This church has anything but a strong claim to Protestant admiration. It was from its belfry the toll was heard which gave the signal for the St. Bartholomew massacre on the night of the 24th August, 1572, when Charles IX of hunting and poetic memory, fired upon his Huguonot subjects with such royal satisfaction. In 1831 it was sacked in a political riot, and became the residence of the Mayor of the Fourth ward. It again became a place of worship in 1888.

We returned into the gardens of the Palais Royal, and rested for an hour, after the fatigues of the day. We sat by one of the little tables and called for ice. There were hundreds of ladies and gentlemen doing the same ; while scores of the loveliest children I ever saw, were romping about and enjoying the balmy evening. Beautiful little things they were, with their sparkling eyes, their ruddy cheeks and handsome dress,—how they seemed to enjoy themselves ! These merry groups

called up bright pictures of home ; for who, at a long distance from that sacred spot, does not see, in happy childhood, the forms and fancy would almost make-believe, the countenances of his own little ones. It was so with me.

Having made up our minds to see the Boulevards this evening, we engaged an open carriage for the purpose. Our cabby seemed, in his arrangements with us, to be the very essence of politeness ; but we found this to be the case with nearly all with whom we had to do. The politeness of the French people is worthy of remark ; there was a continual lifting of the hat, both indoors and out ; it being, considered very rude to address each other with the hat on. On one occasion an Englishman going into some public office in Paris, made known his business, but was surprised to find himself neglected, while many who came in after, were promptly attended to. At length, his patience being exhausted, he said "I think you have forgotten me," "I think sir," responded the clerk "you have forgotten your hat." This was the penalty he paid for his ill-manners. To such an excess do they carry this system of politeness, that in an old ditty, it is humourously said of them,

"They kick you down stairs with such a good grace,
That you think they are kicking you up."

whether this be true or not, I may say, that all with whom we came in contact behaved towards us with great respect, and we formed a very different opinion of the French people, from that we entertained before visiting their shores. But we must return to our ride.

We started from the Boulevard de la Madeleine and went in one direction for some miles, along the Boulevards des Capucines, des Italiens, Montmartre,

Poissonnière. and others. We found them to be streets filled with stately structures, that seem like palaces, large, beautiful and uniform. In the centre of the street, was a large carriage road, asphalted, of noble width; also causeways, the width of many of our Leeds streets, and on the edge of the causeway, one, and in some cases, two rows of chestnut trees, under the shade of which, forms are placed. The principal features in the boulevards, are the *café's*, or coffee houses, where you may not only get coffee, but delicious fruits, ice-creams, wine, and the like. The rooms in these buildings are fitted up with a splendour equal to the parlours and drawing-rooms of kings and queens. On every hand may be seen the most magnificent mirrors; and the seat cushions and backs are covered with crimson velvet. The tables and fittings were in equal style, freely interspersed with vases of choicest flowers, and amongst all, the attentive *garçon* or waiter, in dress coat, with "white choker," and armed with a clean napkin. Outside, over the front of the *café* was an awning of red and white striped material; under this and on the causeway were ranged chairs and small tables, where thousands of Parisians were lounging, sipping their coffee, wine and beer, smoking their cigar and watching the never failing stream of carriages. An English author writes of them as follows:—"That marvellous highway of luxury, laziness and laughter, which stretches in two glittering lines from the classic Madeleine to the column of July, is packed with loungers, coffee and wine sippers, smokers and readers of the papers, that are sold at the windows of the gay boxes planted upon the kerb-stone. Have they cares, money difficulties, pinches of poverty? or do any of

them know what a hard day's work—twelve hours strain of eye and muscle—means. They are so light of heart; so voluble and pantomimic; their attention is so easily fixed, and so quickly diverted, that we are apt to suppose, care has not been able to get a firm grip of them. All merrily talk—each group of its own affairs. They come forth to make merry; and it is while they are merry making, that the stranger crosses their path and wonders." Returning to our hotel, the *garçon* lighted our candles and delivered to us the keys of our rooms.

I cannot refrain from referring more particularly to this most useful member of Parisian society. For, male though he, he does everything; he is chambermaid as well as cook; shoeblack as well as chambermaid; scullion as well as well as cook. I watched this functionary one morning making a bed, which he did with a summary sort of quickness which would astonish an English chambermaid.

CHAPTER IV.

"Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.—LONGFELLOW.

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Still,—be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!"

Saturday. Went after breakfast to the top of the Triumphal Arch, a splendid monument, the cost of which was near half-a-million. The height from the ground to the key-stone of the arch, is thirty yards. From the top we could see from one end of the city to the other. All the domes and spires stood out in bold relief. We remarked to each other on the total absence of anything like smoke, accounted for by the fact, that wood only is used as fuel. This arch, built to commemorate the victories of France, stands on an elevated plot of ground at the top of the Champs Elysées. Whilst on the summit we gathered a pretty correct idea of the topography of Paris. We saw the sun shining with beauty upon the golden cupola of the stately Invalides, beneath which lies the great Napoleon's dust. On one side was the Palace of the Tuileries, with its trees and terraces, fountains and statuary; and along the line of boulevards we could discern the glittering accoutrements of many regiments of soldiers, and faintly hear the "rat tat" of the drum. It is impossible fully to describe the scene from this elevation, or to gaze upon it without inhaling some portion of the spirit which it breathes—that of perfect pleasure and excitement. Descending, and "feeing" the door-keeper, we

proceeded to the Tuileries, intending to see the interior of the palace. Fortunately, on our way thither, we met a lady and gentleman—come from across the broad Atlantic—and on entering into conversation with them, we learnt it was necessary to have an official ticket. Having got one for himself and lady—which included a family as well—he generously proposed we should go with them, so he took us as his family, though each of us was nearly as old as the gentleman himself. We passed the guard on duty, and ascended the grand staircase, whose marble steps have been many times deluged with blood, in the fearful revolutions through which France has passed, and in which this palace has shared so large and fearful a part. We saw the private apartments of the Emperor, fitted up with a splendour and gorgeousness, akin to that of which we read in the “Arabian Nights.”

On coming out, we entered the square formed by the Tuileries and the Louvre. It is called the Place de Caroussel, in commemoration of a grand tournament which Louis XVI. held on it, and on which he spent £50,000. In this square Napoleon I. was accustomed to review his troops previous to despatching them on any great expedition. Crossing the place we entered the Louvre. This immense building contains a vast collection of antique statues; cabinets of curiosities; coins; utensils of various nations; and the costly plate of royal families. But these are as nothing compared with the paintings. We walked past miles—literally miles of paintings—admiring—but with little of the critic’s eye—the various great schools, both ancient and modern which are gathered there. Henry Ward Beecher, after paying the Louvre a visit, says, “no description can

impress you with the multitudinousness of this repository of art. All the streams of pictorial beauty seem, since the world began, to have flowed hither, and this is the ocean. To examine it, in one or two visits, is like trying to read an encyclopædia at one sitting. As I have just observed, we walked or ran through the rooms. To have examined them minutely would have taken us many days. The paintings alone occupy eighty saloons, one of them is a quarter of a mile in length, and we had to walk five miles to get a hasty glance of all.

There are also vast collections of engravings, drawings, statues, and relics of antiquity. When we had spent some hours I thought surely we had "done" the whole, when we immediately entered a large wing that we had not previously noticed, and which we found to consist of five rooms containing the relics of the sovereigns. I took out my book and pencil to make a few notes, but soon put them away again, for I was so bewildered by the magnificence surrounding us, that the sight of black-lead pencil and paper for the purpose of making "mems," was too much to endure; for you must bear in mind, that whilst promenading this treasury of a nation's wealth of art, almost every moment something "turned up" to surprise us; the novelty, variety, and superior excellence of which, kept us in a continual state of pleasurable excitement. The first two rooms in this wing were filled with armour, worn by various kings of France. The fourth room contained amongst many curious things, the jewel box of Marie Antoinette, and the secretaire of Louis Philippe, just as he left it, when he quitted the Tuileries in 1848. The fifth room and to us, as well as to Frenchmen, the most interesting, was completely filled with relics of the first Napoleon.

We noticed the full dress clothes worn by him on state occasions, his saddles, swords, and among the latter the one he wore when first consul, the grey overcoat he wore in his campaigns, the sight of which, on many occasions, spread terror amongst the enemy. Also, the boots, etc., he wore in the campaign of 1815, the pocket handkerchief he used when on his death-bed, a locket containing his hair, and the flag he kissed when he bade adieu to Fontainebleau. Tired by this time, we went to dine at a *restaurant* in the Champs Elysées, and whilst discussing the merits of the *potage* and *entrées*, we had the pleasure of seeing His Imperial Majesty, Napoleon III. ride down to the Tuileries. We had many times expressed to each other a hope that we might see the ruler of this great people, and thus, quite unexpectedly, we had the good fortune, not only to see His Majesty, but his Empress also, for in the course of twenty minutes, both returned from the Tuileries on their way to St. Cloud. They were in separate carriages, each having four horses, with postilions, and in the carriage with his Majesty, sat Prince Murat. Some six or eight outriders constituted the escort. Her Majesty, to our inexperienced judgment, was well and stylishly dressed; but neither of their Majesties are so handsome as their "carte de visites" represent them. The cares of state seem to have left their impress. At this hour the Champs Elysées presented a most animated appearance. On the road a perpetual stream of carriages, loaded with the beauty and fashion of this metropolis of fashion, were making their way to the Bois or Wood of Boulogne, where outside the fortifications, and in the midst of its leafy enclosures, a delightful drive awaited them.

We were perfectly surprised at the variety of splendid equipages, the fine horses, and handsome ladies, that passed us as we came back on the road; there was a combination of wealth and taste perfectly dazzling.

We turned in near the Exhibition of 1855, and in an enclosure behind, we listened to the music of a band consisting of seventy performers, under the direction of M. Arban, who has succeeded Musard, whose concerts had an European reputation. This band, to whose strains some two or three thousand persons were listening, is of the same character as that over which Jullien, in England, swayed his *bâton* with such marked success. The marvellous effects by the combined efforts of all the instrumentalists, and the inimitable solos by M. Kœnig, on the cornopeon, elicited the enthusiastic applause of the numerous auditors.

CHAPTER V.

"The green oasis, the little grassy meadow in the wilderness, where, after the week-days' journey, the traveller halts for refreshment and repose; where he rests beneath the shade of the lofty palm trees, and dips his vessel in the waters of the calm, clear stream, and recovers his strength to go forth again upon his pilgrimage in the desert, with renewed vigour and cheerfulness."

"The quiet bends in the river of Time which reflect the hues of heaven."

Sunday, in Paris. How different to the Sunday in an English country village, like our own. The music of the Sabbath going bells, if such things exist in Paris, we failed to hear, amid the din and bustle of the streets, on this beautifully fine morning. We saw, during this day, that there is no Sunday in Paris, according to our idea of that season of rest and devotion. We would gladly, if we could for this day, have exchanged the frivolities and utter disregard for the Sabbath everywhere exhibited, for the quiet of our own homes, where we could have heard the voice of that messenger, whose iron tongue has for centuries called our villagers to Sabbath worship.

We entered the Madeleine, and found the service of mass just about to commence. Soon we heard strains of solemn music proceeding from the singers, whose voices blended most harmoniously with the peal of the organ, now in deep, and now in soft soothing tones. Then came down the aisle a priest, sprinkling the congregation lightly with holy water, from a wisp of soft bristles, making the circuit of the church. He

then returned to the altar, when the priests proceeded to perform the mass, attended by numerous boys dressed in white, with small red caps and sashes. Then the silver sound of the little bell called the multitude to prayer. There were no pews or pew-like divisions upon the broad area of the church, but rush-bottomed chairs were scattered about, with footstools and patches of matting for the use of the worshippers. The majority of those present were women, with a rosary or string of beads in their hands, slipping now and then a bead through their fingers to tell off their inaudable petitions.

The strangers and idlers, of whom there were many, principally English, paced about the building unconcernedly, examining the paintings, or admiring the statuary. We stayed till a considerable portion of the service was over, and then looked in at the New Wesleyan Chapel, with which we were much pleased. We subsequently went to the Railway Station and took tickets for Versailles, eighteen miles distant from Paris.

The train was a very large one, and in order to see the scenery to advantage, we rode on the top of the carriage, for unlike ours in England, the carriages are two stories high, the top story having a covering over head but none at the sides. The views of Paris and the Seine were varied and agreeable; the road on each side abounded with pretty villas, and fruitful gardens, and signs of prosperity were visible in every direction. On arriving at our destination, we walked through the town to the Palace. A writer, speaking of this place, says:—Versailles! when I have written that one word I have said all. I ought to stop. Description is out of the question. Describe nine miles of paintings? Describe visions of splendour and gor-

geousness that cannot be examined in months ? The paintings and frescoes, the theatre and chapel, in the Palace, defy description ; all that wealth and taste could do seem to have been done ; it seems as if marble and gold had been as common as bricks and white-wash. We entered the Palace ; the number of paintings on its walls exceeds three thousand, and a great many of these are filled, with from one hundred to five hundred figures, some the size of life, and some even larger. They are nearly all representations of sieges, and fights by sea and land, from the crusades down to the present Emperor's campaign in Italy. We observed, whilst admiring the battle pieces illustrative of the Crimean war, the absence from the paintings, of the English soldiers who contributed so much to the success of the allied arms. Everything seems to be done with a view to the national flattery—its love of power and military glory. The finest paintings in this palace are by David, the next best are by Horace Vernet. An American says, "the Palace of Versailles is worth a trip across the Atlantic to see ; but Horace Vernet's paintings are worth ten times as much."

On passing from the picture galleries, we repaired with the thousands of visitors who had by this time arrived from Paris, to witness the exhibition of water-works in the gardens. We obtained a programme in the grounds, and we learnt it was the first grand fete day of the season. From that programme we also learnt, that at three o'clock, the grand fountains would play ; at five o'clock the band of the Imperial Guard, play a selection from favourite operas, etc. ; at eight o'clock, a grand illumination ; at nine o'clock, the grand fountains would be illuminated whilst playing ; and so on

till eleven o'clock. The fountains when playing, would not bear comparison with those at Sydenham. We rambled in the grounds, and were delighted with their vast extent, the countless groups of beautiful statuary which adorn the avenues, the arbours, the margin of the lakes, and the fountains which met us at every turn. We took a seat in a quiet part, on one of the chairs which are let out at a penny each, and we had not been long seated, before a swell with tremendous whiskers, an Englishman, one of the "exquisite" stamp, came towards us, and throwing down twopence to the chair proprietor, took possession of two chairs, one for himself, and one for his legs, as though they were a separate establishment. During the time the band was playing, a heavy shower of rain came on and dispersed the people, who took shelter under the trees; but passing off soon after, the crowd increased, till it was estimated that fifty thousand people were present. The gay, giddy crowd seemed to be living as if life were a farce and religion a sham. An hour of mass in the morning; a few hours of toil and labour during the early part of the day; an afternoon and night of dancing, drinking, and frivolity—such is the Sunday of the Parisians, as we saw it. We left Versailles at five o'clock by rail for Paris again, more thankful than ever that we were Englishmen. We went to the Boulevard des Italiens to dine, and while sitting at our window we looked upon the scene without. It seemed to us, to be the very nick of time when Paris—easy, comfortable Paris, was in the full enjoyment of its peculiar pleasures. Below, around, as far as the eye could reach, all was life and motion. In walking along the Boulevards afterwards, we were astonished at the eagerness with which the people crowded

to the places of amusement. It was Sunday certainly, but we found it very difficult to keep that fact in mind. We went to our temporary home early, for we had to leave by five o'clock next morning for Switzerland, and as we sat, previous to retiring to rest, we instituted a comparison between the English and continental Sabbath, much I believe to the disparagement of the latter.

With these random sketches, we must now for a while take our leave of France,

“ Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please. ”

CHAPTER VI.

"The Switzer's land! Where grandeur is encamped
 Impregnable in mountain tents of snow;
 Realms that by human foot-print ne'er were stamped
 Where the eagle wheels and glacial ramparts glow!
 Seek, nature's worshipper, those landscapes! Go
 Where all her fiercest, fairest charms are found
 Go to the land where T.E.L. drew Freedom's bow;
 And in the patriot's country thou shalt find
 A semblance 'twixt the scene and his immortal mind."

CAMPBELL.

Heigho! for Switzerland and the Alps! Travelling in Switzerland is now a hackneyed subject, and a man might well be excused, if in reply to the enquiries of his friends, he should say with Canning's razor-grinder "Story! God bless you, I have none to tell." Though it is an old tale and it may be difficult to say anything new thereon, yet I will endeavour to narrate *our* experiences, and if possible, without being prolix. Until very recently, a trip to the mountains of central Europe was a pleasure confined to a very few; now thanks to improved railway facilities, they are enjoyed by hundreds. And, as many of my readers will, probably ere long, visit this interesting country, I trust that they may find, in this book, something that will be of service, and prove as interesting to them, as I trust it may also do, to many, who, not able to go themselves, like nevertheless, to travel in spirit and catch glimpses of snowy peaks in imagination. As the scenes and incidents of our ramble pleased and interested me, so I hope they may interest you, my reader.

On Monday morning, the 4th of July, at near seven a.m., at the station of the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway, we duly handed our *coupons* or

tickets to be stamped, to the clerk in charge, and our bodies to the mercy of the engine driver, and shortly after found ourselves along with nearly one hundred fellow-tourists, speeding away for the grand old mountains and lakes of TELL. Our first halting-place was Fontainebleau. The railway running through the celebrated forest, was for a long distance protected on each side, by a fence of very beautiful dwarf firs and juniper. This place is a famous resort of the present Emperor.

Tonnerre, the next station at which arrangements had been made for us to stop, gave us an opportunity to make amends for the scanty breakfast we had taken before leaving Paris. After leaving Tonnerre, the aspects of the country, through which we passed, increased in interest, being agreeably alternated by extensive mountains and valleys, and well cultivated vineyards, on slopes and plains of great extent. After some hours riding we reached Dijon, one hundred and ninety-six miles from Paris, and here a regular invasion of the refreshment room took place. This dining or refreshment room is considered to be one of the best, if not the very best in France. The tables were already spread with the elements of a substantial repast—*bouilli*, soup, *rôti*, chicken, etc., and a double row of bottles of wine—a cheering sight for the eighty hungry travellers, who, although twenty minutes only was allowed, did full justice to the viands, and paying the four francs charged to each, were soon again comfortably seated in the train.

The journey from Dijon to Pontarlier, our next halting place, was long; but the various kinds of scenery through which we passed, helped us to forget the time. We had a most extensive view on the right of the train, and on

the left, the range of Jura mountains was very grand. But the best part of this long ride was in the scenery between Pontarlier and Neuchatel. The wonder is, at every turn among the hills, how, by any engineering skill, a railway could be contrived in such a region, skirting, as it does, the sides of frowning rocks, winding about with the curves of the valley, and ever and anon running through a succession of peculiar looking tunnels. The journey was completed at 10.30 p. m., having occupied sixteen hours, including stoppages, travelling three hundred and eighty miles. An omnibus was waiting at the station, and in a few minutes we were deposited at the "Belle Vue" hotel, Neuchatel, where, supper being taken, we were soon in bed, listening to our Swiss lullaby, in the rippling music of the lake.

About six o'clock on Tuesday morning we were out enjoying a stroll round the town and by the side of the lake. This lovely town of Neuchatel occupies a charming position on the slopes of the Jura, rising from the beautiful lake at its base in the form of an amphitheatre. By the shore of the lake are planted rows of beautiful trees. The lake, at this early hour of the morning, lay calm as a mirror, by the side of the vine clad slopes, without a wave to ruffle its surface; and away on the other side, far in the distance, appearing out of the hazy atmosphere, and apparently mingling with the sky, appeared the snowy Alps, "like the pure and spotless ramparts and battlements of a better world." We were delighted with this, our first impression of mountain scenery, and remarked to each other how agreeable it would be to settle down for a while in the midst of such enchanting views.

An American author, speaking of the view of the

Bernese Oberland from this town, says, "I could not have imagined any vision of mountains at once so venerable and so grand; grand, because of their vast extent and their great elevation of many thousands of feet—a rampart apparently impenetrable and sweeping along in dazzling whiteness, through a large portion of the horizon; venerable, because these mountains tell us of a period, when, after their elevation into the region of ever-during frost, the first watery vapour which had ascended to that upper region was crystallized into snow, and began to fall on the mountain top, and wrapped the cold peaks and ridges in the white mantle which they have ever since worn; although age after age have passed away, no summer's sun has been able to dissolve the frozen mass."

In passing through the town, we noticed in front of the Gymnasium, a statue, in remembrance of David Pury. This man, a native of Neuchatel, quitted it a poor lad, without money, or friends, but by industry he increased his means, becoming in turn jeweller, owner of mines, banker, and finally, *millionaire*, at Lisbon, where he died. He left his whole fortune of 4,000,000 livres, (£166,000,) to endow an hospital and poor-house, and for other purposes connected with the improvement of his native town. We were much pleased to see sauntering about the streets, groups of charming English girls, and on enquiring how they came to be there in such numbers, we learnt that scholastic establishments, of the first class, chiefly supported by the English, abound both in the town and neighbourhood. Having eaten our breakfast, and paid our bill, which, by the way was very reasonable, amounting to eight francs, or six shillings and sixpence, English money, each, for supper,

breakfast, bed, and service, we left Neuchatel by rail at nine o'clock, a.m., for Lausanne. About a mile from the former place we crossed the glen of Sorrières by a lofty viaduct, and proceeding along, were struck by observing on the road side three upright blocks of granite, eight to ten feet high, supposed to have been raised by the Swiss as a memorial of the victory of Grandson. At Grandson the railway passes through the enclosure of the ancient Castle. Many remarkable historical associations are connected with this venerable structure, which, though very interesting, we cannot stop to relate. The lake of Neuchatel was now by our side till we reached Yverdun, a town noted as containing the school house and residence of Pestalozzi, the founder of the system of education which still bears his name. From this town the railway proceeds through a fertile and thriving country, with fine views of the Jura range of mountains, then by two short tunnels, and through some green and pleasant valleys, without any extensive views, till it reaches Lausanne.

CHAPTER VII.

Oh, ye valleys, oh, ye mountains !
Oh, ye groves and crystal fountains !
How I love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye.—COTTON.

Who would grub out his life in the same croft, when he has
free warren of all fields between this and the Rhine.—KINGSLEY.

The view of Lausanne from the railway is very fine. The town with its high roofs, castle, and cathedral, is itself picturesque, and it is most picturesquely situated on the slope of a mountain which sinks gradually down to the shore of the Lake of Geneva.

Sending our luggage by omnibus from the station to our hotel, we procured the services of a guide, and proceeded to inspect the "sights" of the town. First, to the Cathedral, taking the most direct way, by a flight of mean-looking wooden steps, one hundred and sixty four in number, ascending from the Market-place. The edifice is a very extensive one, and internally one of the finest in Switzerland. It is celebrated as the arena of a great disputation between Calvin, Forel, and others, the result of which was the separation of the Canton of Vaud from the Romish Church, and the suppression of the supremacy of Savoy. It contains several English monuments, one of which is to the memory of Henrietta, first wife of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, late Sir Stratford Canning. Standing on the terrace of the Cathedral we had a fine view of lake and mountain scenery. We next visited the Hotel

Gibbon, interesting from the fact of Gibbon, the historian having written the last portion of his great book, "The decline and fall of the Roman Empire" in the garden behind the dining-room of the hotel. Gibbon says, "It was on the day or rather the night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waves, and all nature was silent."

We visited several places of minor interest, and dismissing our *cicerone*, leisurely wandered down the slope of the hill, past a beautiful English Church, to our hotel, the Beau Rivage, at Ouchy, on the shore of the lake of Geneva. A more magnificent hotel than this it would be difficult to find. It is immediately facing the pier, and is surrounded by an English park and garden, most tastefully laid out, commands splendid views of the lake and the Alpine scenery, and is, in fact, just the place for tourist enjoyment, being surrounded with everything that can gratify the taste or raise the spirits. And, I may be allowed here to say, that of the hotel accomodation provided throughout Switzerland, by the manager of this excursion, it is impossible to speak in terms too laudatory.

We were saved all trouble and annoyance as to where and how we were to be lodged. At every place provision had been made at the very best hotels, at very moderate charges. For though there be some people so philosophical as to maintain that place and circumstance do

not, or ought not to influence happiness, we found that few things contributed more to cheerfulness, and to our capacity for enjoyment, than being well housed and fed. We entered the hotel and found all the appointments of the first order. Dinner, at *table d'hôte*, was ready soon after our arrival, and consisted of twelve courses, served with a celerity quite astonishing. The hotel capable of accomodating one hundred and forty visitors, was nearly full.

After dinner I scrutinised more closely than I had hitherto had the chance of doing, my fellow-tourists, as they were likely to be my companions for some time. Near me was a young Frenchman, who might have sat to Mr. Sothern for his character of Lord Dundreary. He contrived by means unaccountable to me, to keep his eye-glass to his eye, until he had quite leisurely stared at every one in the room, and he amused those sitting near him, by his manner of expressing his wants, asking in drawling, lisping, sentimental English, "Will you please paath me the buttaw" and ever and anon breaking out into rhapsodies as to the charms of "*ma belle France*;"—his beautiful France. Near him was a young lady evidently bent on showing off her proficiency in the languages, scarcely finding time to eat, in her eagerness to get through her stock of information. It was pretty clear that the "finish" of some boarding school was now manifesting itself.

In close proximity to this linguist, sat the Rev. Mr. A——, a clergyman of the Church of England, whose agreeable manners and intelligent conversation, subsequently attracted my attention, and we became for the rest of the journey, close companions. Near my reverend friend was a Scotch-woman, whose haughty

bearing, high flown language, tendency to *embonpoint*, afterwards gained for her the *sobriquet* of "the countess," by which name she was known the rest of the tour. She was of the real "touch me not" character, who looked as if she had never been pleased in her life, and never would be, except with herself. She evidently did not intend to compromise her respectability by "letting herself down," however much her icy manner might interfere with the general flow of good feeling.

On the opposite side of the table sat a real jolly looking specimen of John Bull, one, whose geniality of manner, extensive knowledge, and happy knack of imparting it, enlivened the whole of his auditors, and when he afterwards left us at Geneva, it was with the regret of nearly all his fellow travellers. At one end of the table sat the "Napoleon of Excursions," Mr. Cook, having by his side his wife and daughter. Our manager was a perfect Job in the matter of patience, otherwise the incessant inquiries addressed to him, many of them needless, would have induced him to have marked out a track for himself. Another group arrested my attention; it consisted of a family of six persons:—father, mother, two sons, and two daughters. They had come all the way from "the land of stars and stripes," to gaze upon the beauties of Switzerland. From conversation I had with them during the tour, I found that the present troubled state of things in America, had something to do with their leaving home at this time. They proved good company, gave me many glowing descriptions of the scenery in America, particularly of the splendours of Niagara and the prairies. On the whole, a great majority of our party were of the agreeable kind, and though I have other members of it in my mind's eye,

these will suffice to show that the parties were, as the preface has it, of a very heterogeneous character. Pardon this digression from my narrative, but some of the characters will figure as I go along, and therefore I note them at this point.

After dinner we resumed our journey by rail, in view of the lake, till we reached Chillon, where we alighted and visited the castle, made famous by Byron in his "Prisoner of Chillon." It stands on an isolated rock nearly surrounded by deep water, but within twenty yards of the shore, with which it communicates by a wooden bridge.

"Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its mossy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow white battlements,
Which round about the wave enthrals:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave,
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault wherein he lay,
We heard it ripple night and day, &c."

We crossed the bridge, and an intelligent looking person belonging to the place, acted as our guide. We entered first the dungeons. In the first room was the bed, formed of a piece of solid rock, on which the prisoners slept the night before their execution. In the next room was the *potence*, a beam, black with age, extended across the vaults, to which the condemned were hung. On the side of the room nearest the lake, we observed an arch, now walled up, through which the prisoners, after having been strangled, were thrown into the lake. We passed into the dungeon with seven pillars, described by Byron. The second pillar was pointed out to us as the one, to which, for protecting the liberty of Geneva, BONNIVARD was chained. There the Duke of Savoy kept

him for six years, confined by a chain four feet long. He could take only three steps, and the stone floor is deeply worn by the prints of those weary steps. On the stone pillar is inscribed the names of Byron, Dickens, and others, including now, some enthusiastic members of our party. Byron writes of Bonnivard :—

“Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar ; for ’t was trod
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By BONNIVARD ! May none those marks efface !
For they appeal from tyranny to God.”

Leaving the dungeons we went into the judgment hall, where prisoners were tried, and then into the chapel, the bedrooms and reception rooms of the Dukes of Savoy. Our guide next took us into a tower where was the *oubliette*—the place of forgetfulness. Here the unfortunate prisoner was made to kneel before an image of the Virgin, then a trap-door was lifted up, and he was desired to descend into the room below. He descended a small spiral staircase of three steps ; he found no fourth step and was precipitated into a well eighty feet deep, and was seen no more. And all this, and much more of an horrible nature that was enacted within these walls, was done for the glory of God in the “good old times.” The principal portion of the castle is now used as a magazine for military stores, after, inspecting which, we paid the guide and left the place. On the bridge was a stall filled with specimens of Swiss carving, photographs, views of the castle and neighbourhood, and other mementos of the place. Before our party had all crossed, little was left on the stall, all being desirous of carrying away from this deeply interesting spot, some trifling *souvenir* for their friends at home.

Having more than an hour before our train was due, we had a pleasant sail on the lake, as the sun declined ; and till memory loses it hold, I shall never forget the splendour of its setting rays across the lake. Up above the region of clouds, stood in noble proportions, the snow-covered peaks of the Alps ; they seemed white and spotless as alabaster, and the sun's rays passing through a denser atmosphere, imparted to them a mellowed light, and then the peaks and towers, and fields of white, changed to a soft rosy tint. We returned rowing by the castle rock, under cool drooping branches of trees, to the ancient moat and drawbridge, and disembarking, proceeded to the station. During the time we were waiting the arrival of the train, a party of Swiss women who were rowing on the lake, commenced singing one of their Swiss melodies, and when they had finished, we gave them a most hearty cheer, to which they responded by singing us our own National Anthem, in English.

The first station after leaving Chillon that we stayed at, was Villeneuve, and about a mile from the station was a small island, one of three in the lake ; it is mentioned by Byron in the poem from which we have already quoted :—

“ And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view ;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor ;
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.”

The railway now entered the flat valley of the Rhone, passing through fertile and well cultivated fields, overshadowed by fine walnut trees. It was almost dark

when we reached St. Maurice. The old bridge here is very interesting. It spans the rapid river with one bold arch, seventy feet wide, leaning for support on one side on the Dent de Morcles, and on the other on the Dent du Midi, two mountains of exceeding grandeur, whose bases are pushed forward so far as barely to leave room for the river. The rest of our journey was in the dark, and we reached Martigny at ten o'clock, and were hospitably received and treated by the proprietor of the Hotel Clerc. Before we retired to rest, our company provided themselves with that indispensable companion upon mountain journeys—an alpen-stock. It is worth while to explain to my readers a little about this article, which is one of the most important parts of an Alpine traveller's equipment. It is a stout staff, generally of ash, six feet long, with an iron spike at its lower end, and serves at all times as a pleasant walking-stick, but is peculiarly useful in ascending mountains. It is of still greater use in *descending* the mountains, as it enables the traveller to transfer part of the weight of his body from the legs to the arms, which is a great relief.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me
The solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hand of Art, where Nature sowed herself,
And reaped her crops; whose garments were the clouds;
Whose minstrel's brooks; whose lamps the moon and stars;
Whose organ choir the voice of many waters;
Whose banquets morning dews; whose heroes storms;
Whose warriors mighty winds; whose lovers flowers;
Whose orators the thunderbolts of God;
Whose palaces the everlasting hills."—FOLLOK.

At seven a.m., in front of our hotel, was presented a novel sight. Forty-six mules and seventeen guides awaited the pleasure of our party, and after some time had been spent in securing the luggage to the backs of the saddles, the ladies made their appearance, and mounted, followed by the gentlemen, and then with some six or eight pedestrians, the whole cavalcade marched away through Martigny, to the no small surprise of the residents who at that early hour filled every window and doorway. Anxious to know why this unusual stir was made on this occasion, I enquired, and was given to understand, that never within the memory of the standard authority on matters of this sort, viz:—the oldest inhabitant, had so large a party left Martigny for Chamouni, on one day. Our road for a couple of miles lay through pasture land, where the operation of haymaking was going on, which lent a delightful fragrance to the morning air, while cosy little Swiss cottages dotted the landscape at every point. Our ascent of the mountain now commenced, and the alpen-stocks of our pedestrian companions were of great

service. Though some points and angles of the road are such that one can not help feeling a sense of danger, still it is more than counterbalanced by the ever opening beauties of the landscape. We climbed for about six miles, and then reached the summit of the Forclaz, and resting ourselves here whilst the mules enjoyed a drink, we cast our eye backwards, and there, at our feet, as if we were looking down at it out of a cloud, lay the village of Martigny, with the whole beautiful valley of the Rhone. Mrs. Stowe says :— "Nothing that I saw anywhere through the Alps impressed me as this did. It seemed to me more like the vision of the land that is very far off, than anything earthly." It was a perfectly flat valley, studded with villages that looked like dots on the landscape at this distance, and on every side the magnificent mountains hemmed it in. Now commenced the outburst of joy and gladness from each of the party, that they had at last got fairly among mountains of the first order. Our companion, "the countess," for our gratification, brought out all the adjectives and similes which she could possibly think of, and though numerous, they did not suffice for the whole of the journey. "Superb!" "Exquisite!" "*Magnifique!*" &c., &c., were among the least expressive of her vocabulary of adjectives. It must be confessed that before we reached Chamouni, on this eventful day, our vocabulary of laudatory epithets got very threadbare, and we began mutually to bore and be bored by one another's exclamations of "Beautiful!" "How very fine!" "Did you ever see anything so beautiful!" "How exceedingly grand!" &c. I know this much too, that before we reached our journey's end; what with the vile roads, tired mules,

still more tired equestrians, and the eager calls of hunger, (for our digestive organs were fully alive and active in these regions of the Alps) we became thoroughly sick of the picturesque, and somewhat crusty with one another.

But to return. After leaving the Forclaz summit, we descended the mountain, and soon had our attention arrested by a scene of great beauty and grandeur. This was the Cascade Barberina, on our right, one of the grandest waterfalls in Switzerland. It falls eight hundred yards from the ridge of a mountain which is almost covered by the spouting sheet of water; this torrent, pouring from a reservoir which it has hollowed upon the mountain, rolls along its rocky channel, and bounding to the very bottom of the valley. This fine waterfall is also embellished by large trees, which shoot from the summit of the mountain into the clouds, and in its front by lofty firs and rocks, so as altogether to form a picture the most delightful as well as extraordinary. Of the many other attractions of this pass which now at every point and every moment burst upon our view, I can give you no proper idea. Dr. Cheever has summed up some of them in a beautiful passage:—"There is a combination of grand and beautiful elements in this pass, which it is very difficult to array in language, and the painter can transfer only little by little the wonders of the scene. Abrupt precipices, frown at each other across the way like black thunder clouds about to meet; enormous crags overhanging you so far that you tremble to pass under them; savage cliffs looking down upon you and watching you on the other side, as if waiting to see the mountain fall upon you; a torrent thundering beneath you; masses of the richest verdure

flung in wild drapery over the whole gorge; galleries hewn in the rock, by which you pass the perpendicular cliffs as in rocky hammocks swung in the air; villages suspended above you, and looking sometimes as if floating in the clouds; snowy mountain ridges far above these; clusters of chalets almost as far below you with the tinkling of bells, the hum of voices, and the roar of the torrent fitfully sweeping up to you on the wind; these are the combinations—rich and beautiful beyond description—presented to you in the pass of the Tête Noire."

We rode through these interesting scenes, till we came to the "Tête Noire Hotel," where we had to halt for two hours. During the time dinner was preparing I looked over the list of "notables" who had during the last few years visited this solitary region. In most of the hotels which we visited on the continent, we found, what is called, the "Livre des Etrangers," a book in which travellers are requested only to put down their names, without any remarks. Inspired however by the sublimity of the scenery, or vexed at the exorbitant charges sometimes made at the hotels, or what is perhaps more likely, panting to become authors, in however humble a line of composition, many persons who had called at this hostelry had added to their names the strangest medley of observations you could conceive, some in prose, and some in verse. This entertaining book furnished amusement for a length of time, and was only placed on one side when a fragrant repast of *côtelettes* and coffee invited the hungry and empty stomach to its work. Having still an hour to spare, we sauntered out of doors, to admire the innumerable and infinitely varied beauties of nature spread

out to the eye. Some of our party were just returning to their dinner, having been for an hour on a botanizing excursion, and they were now loaded with the floral treasures of the Alps.

We stood and gazed with wondering admiration at the glorious prospect around us, and felt

“A something that informs 'tis an hour
Whence we may date henceforward and for ever.”

Looking to the left we could realize the truth of the poet's lines :—

“Ye mountains,
So varied and so terrible in beauty,
There, in your rugged majesty of rocks
And toppling trees that twine their roots with stone
In perpendicular places, where the foot
Of man would tremble, could he reach them.—yes,
Ye look eternal!”

The mules being again marshalled in order, we took our seats, and shortly found that good feeding, with these animals produced a salutary effect, for pricking their ears, they started off down the hill in a most lively, if not agreeable manner. As Mrs. Stowe has drawn the character and habits of these hardy and useful creatures, in a most amusing manner, and to the very life, I give you her description :—

“As mules are most determined followers of precedent, every one keeps his nose close by the heels of his predecessor. The delicate point, therefore, of the whole operation is keeping the first mule straight. The first mule in our party, who rejoiced in the name of Rousse, was selected to head the caravan, perhaps because he had more native originality than most mules, and therefore was better fitted to lead than to follow. A troublesome beast was he, from a habit of abstract meditation which was always liable to come on him in most inconvenient localities. Every now and then,

simply in accordance with his own sovereign will and pleasure, and without consulting those behind him, he would stop short and descend into himself in gloomy reverie; not that he seemed to have anything in particular on his mind,—at least nothing of the sort escaped his lips,—but the idea would seem to strike him all of a sudden that he was an ill used beast, and that he'd be hanged if he went another step. Now, as his stopping stopped all the rest, wheresoever they might happen to be, it often occurred that we were detained in most critical localities, just on the very verge of some tremendous precipice, or up a rocky stairway. In vain did the foremost driver admonish him by thumping his nose with a sharp stick, and tugging and pulling upon the bridle. Rousse was gifted with one of those long indiarubber necks that can stretch out indefinitely, so that the utmost pulling and jerking only took his head along a little further, but left his heels planted exactly where they were before. His eyes, meanwhile, devoutly closed, with an air of meekness overspreading his visage, he might have stood as an emblem of conscientious obstinacy.

The fact is, that in ascending these mountains there is just enough danger to make one's nerves a little unsteady; not by any means as much as on board a rail car at home; still it comes to you in a more demonstrable form. Here you are, for instance, on a precipice two thousand feet deep; pine trees, which, when you passed them at the foot you saw were a hundred feet high, have dwindled to the size of pins. No barrier of any kind protects the dizzy edge, and your mule is particularly conscientious to stand on the very verge, no matter how wide the path may be. Now,

under such circumstances, though your guide assures you that an accident or a person killed is a thing unknown, you cannot help seeing that if the saddle should turn, or the girths break, or a bit of the crumbling edge cave away—all which things appear quite possible—all would be over with you. Yet I suppose we are no more really dependent upon God's providence in such circumstances, than in many cases where we think ourselves the most secure. Still the thrill of this sensation is not without its pleasure, especially with such an image of almighty power and glory constantly before one's eyes as Mont Blanc. Our own littleness and helplessness, in view of these vast objects which surround us, give a strong and pathetic force to the words, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms."

We soon reached what is called the gallery of the Tete Nôire, a path cut through the solid rock, forming a covered way about fifty yards in length. At the entrance stood a cripple, hat in hand, who solicited alms of our party. Since our visit to that place, this "beggar-man" has gained for himself an unenviable notoriety. A party of travellers were passing the pierced rock when he sprang out upon them. One of the party was a young boy, whose mule shied; the boy had the wit and agility to cast himself off on to the path, but the poor mule paid the penalty of his timidity by being broken in pieces upon the rocks below. As we descended the mountain side, the scenery if possible, increased in wild and savage grandeur; and, allowing our mules to travel alone, we managed, with the aid of our Alpenstocks to make "short cuts," and reached the valley before them. During this walk we had an opportunity

of admiring the floral beauties of this wonderful Pass. The Alpine rose, or rhododendron, the canterbury bell, the blue "forget me not," and ferns, of rare and exquisite beauty, grew in great profusion. We gathered the delicious wild strawberry, of which there was an abundance. Mounting again, we ascended the hill for some miles, and on reaching the summit, we gained the first view of Mont Blanc. There, glorious against the dark blue sky, rose "Europe's stainless summit,—Earth's loftiest altar, which man may stand at the foot of, and feel his littleness, and bow the head in reverent worship. An altar, too, for the incense of praise and thanksgiving, when he reflects that, little though he be, his spirit expands with the majesty of the scene, and soars with daring flight from pinnacle to pinnacle, to rest at last on the loftiest height in profound adoration." We stopped our mules, and sat, perfectly fascinated, looking up at the summit,—which could be seen, bright, sharp, and distinct. Wall-like rose the royal peak, from immense wastes of snow, and these kept up by precipices which plunge sheer down thousands of feet into the valley below. Such a view well repaid us for days of travel; and this halt now fills one of the pleasantest corners of my memory. I would have given much, at the moment, to have possessed artistic skill, by which I might have transferred to canvas the glorious sight, but it was only left to me to endeavour to carry away a mind-picture that I might reproduce when far away from the original.

Leaving the rest of the party, four of us rode on at a quicker pace, and made our way to the Glacier des Bois, as the termination of the Mer de Glace is called. Fastening our mules to a tree, we proceeded to the

field of ice on foot. At the base of this glacier is the commencement of the ascent of Mont Blanc, "and the guides look longingly and lovingly up to its clear white fields; showing us the stages and resting places, and seem really to think it is a waste of the beautiful weather not to be putting it to that most sublime purpose." Our intention was not, however, to reach that elevation, so we proceeded to examine this glacier, or frozen river, lying between immense mountains. The Arveiron, swollen and foaming, rushes from three low arches at the foot of a dark blue cliff of ice, and as we gazed into the depths of these caverns, we began to picture the awful aspect of the interior. We went as near as the water would permit, and then sat down on a block of ice and watched the water as it rushed swiftly past, in abundant stream, from its source deep in the heart of the glacier. We withdrew to a short distance and sitting down commented on the contrasts presented to our view. Close to the frozen mass were beds of green mossy turf, and fir trees bordering it right up the mountain sides. As we rode along after leaving this impressive scene, we were continually annoyed by boys, who running by the sides of our mules, offered us handfuls of flowers, and lumps of ice, and though we gave them to understand that we had just supplied ourselves with the one and had no need of the other, still they kept up their importunities till we overtook the rest of our party, when they left us.

We journeyed along till we reached the village of Orsières, passing a pretty little church, round whose graveyard strong walls are built, and our guide informed us that they were built to break or divide the avalanches which frequently descend, and which have on more than

one occasion, overwhelmed the village. About two miles further down the valley we reached the hamlet of Argentière, where was pointed out to us the magnificent glacier of the same name, streaming down from between the Aiguilles (needles) d' Argentière and du Tour.

This long ride of thirty miles is now drawing to a conclusion, but before reaching Chamouni, allow me to refer to one or two general features which presented themselves to our notice during the day, and which, I think, are worthy of note. I may mention, first, the joyous music which greeted us the whole of the way, and which emanated from the hundreds, nay thousands, of cattle that were browsing on the mountain sides. Every cow in Switzerland has a large bell suspended round her neck, and it was a real pleasure to hear the continuous tinklings of these bells, as we rode along. Their music; and the shouting of the shepherds from crag to crag, and the peaceful and happy appearance of everything around, served to enable us to realize the charms of a pastoral life. In one part of the pass, the effect of the music was very fine, and one of our party, drawing the attention of the guide to it, was told "that the finest herds of cattle are provided with a harmonious set of bells, that chime in accordance with the celebrated 'Ranz des Vaches,' and this was one of them." This Ranz des Vaches (which, being translated, means cow-rows,) is the National Swiss Tune, and all the airs in it are derived from the manner in which the cows walk home along the Alpine paths at milking time. Of course, this rendering of the melody by the cattle was not so perfect as it would have been by human voices. This simple tune so powerfully excites the feelings of the Swiss, and impresses them, when abroad, with so violent a

desire to return to their own country, that it was forbidden, on pain of death, to be played in the Swiss regiments engaged in the French service.

Our delightful Yorkshire poet, the late James Montgomery, has given the following rendering of this song:—

“O, when shall I visit the land of my birth,
 The loveliest land on the face of the earth?
 When shall I these scenes of affection explore,
 Our forests, our fountains,
 Our hamlets, our mountains,
 With the pride of the mountains, the maid I adore?
 O, when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead,
 In the shade of an elm, to the sound of a reed?

 When shall I return to that lovely retreat,
 Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet,—
 The lambs and the heifers that follow my call,
 My father, my mother,
 My sister, my brother
 And dear Isabella, the joy of them all?
 O, when shall I visit the land of my birth?
 ’Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth.”

Another feature in this pass, was the large number of wooden crosses and shrines which are erected on the road side every few hundred yards. The shrines are small stone buildings, which contain a guadily dressed doll, or image, of the Virgin Mary, or Christ. One or two of the crosses bear inscriptions desiring the prayers of travellers for the souls of persons who have perished on the mountains.

Within a mile of Chamouni, while riding along first in the cavalcade, I was asked by one of the guides to allow him to go first into the village, with a lady, as it would, he said, be dishonourable if he did not precede this large party. He had been a guide for 36 years, and had never before escorted so large a party; and when we all collected together, his delight knew no bounds. He danced about and every moment broke into uncontrollable fits of laughter, and then suddenly

ran off, and gathering an armful of ferns and Alpine roses, he came back, and shortly had a garland made, with which he decorated the pioneer mule. He now could not find ordinary words to express his pleasure, and apologizing, he said, "By the sacred name of thunder, I will astonish the people of Chamouni." Just at this moment the mule he was leading broke out with the bray peculiar to this animal in all countries, and he said how much pleasure it would afford him if the whole of the forty seven mules would join in chorus at the same time, and in that manner herald their approach. We were not anxious to make our entry after this fashion, and on our arrival, I must say, we did not create quite so great a sensation as our guide had anticipated, or as we should have created, had he had the management in his own hands.

We dismounted ; and thoroughly tired, more so, in my own case, than ever I remember to have been before, we entered our hotel, the D'Angleterre, and finding an excellent repast spread out, lost no time in "falling to;" but, of what we saw in Chamouni and the neighbourhood, we will speak in our next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

“— Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls,
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls,
The avalanche, the thunderbolt of snow !
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below.”

After dinner at table d'hôte, we adjourned to the terrace in front of our hotel, and seating ourselves on a rustic seat, had an opportunity of gazing full upon the royal mountain. Montgomery says of it :—

“ So when night, with rising shade,
Climbs the Alps from steep to steep,
Till in hoary sleep array'd
All the giant mountains sleep—
High in Heaven their monarch stands,
Bright and beauteous from afar,
Shining into distant lands,
Like a new created star.

While enjoying this prospect, we heard a party discussing the propriety of venturing the ascent of the mountain on the morrow, but their enthusiasm was nipped in the bud by the landlord, who, on being informed of their intention, acquainted them with the fact that the same afternoon five gentlemen had returned to Chamouni, after spending two days in a vain attempt.

We sat, watching with intense delight the setting sun upon the mountains, the glory and splendour of the scene causing us, for the time, to forget our bodily fatigue. It realized the following beautiful description :—“ On either hand were black, jagged, furrowed walls of mountain, and right before us, Mont

Blanc, with his fields of glaciers and worlds of snow; they seemed to hem us in and almost press us down. The cold, white, dismal fields of ice gradually changed into hues of the most beautiful rose colour. A bank of white clouds, which rested above the mountains, kindled and glowed, as if some spirit of light had entered into them. You did not lose the idea of the dazzling spiritual whiteness of the snow, yet you seemed to see it through a rosy veil. The sharp edges of the glaciers, and the hollows between the peaks, reflected wavering tints of lilac and purple. The effect was solemn and spiritual above everything I have ever seen. The wonderful gradations of colouring in these Alpine sunsets are not among the least of their charms."

Having rested, we strolled into the village, and entering the diligence office, secured our places for the next day. We then crossed the bridge and entered a field, intending to take the road which would lead us to a glacier that seemed about a mile distant. We traversed several fields, crossed two or three streams, through one or two woods, and then enquired of a peasant how far we were from the Glacier des Bossons. He answered that it would be about two miles, but we were close upon the Cascade du Dard, if we should like to see it. As the shades of evening were gathering around us, we preferred taking the advice offered, instead of going the whole journey. We went up the hill a short distance and saw this beautiful cascade, the appearance of which was very grand as it plunged into the narrow gorge in the valley. An hour's smart walking brought us to the village again, and as we passed through the streets we encountered little groups of our tourist party, as well as other pleasure seekers. They were talking over their

past experiences and future projects ; some eulogizing the weather, which there is a matter of some moment, as upon it depends the enjoyment or disappointment of the traveller. Some thought Chamouni delightful, others tiresome, and amongst one party, was "the countess," who expressed her appreciation of the scenery in language of unbounded admiration—"Nothing can be finer, unless it is Rome ; I should so much like to see Rome." Some of our party would not have been sorry could she have been, by some magical process, transferred there at once. One of our number was endeavouring to speak in French to a guide ; making enquiry about the practicability of some ascent ; but, though our friend gesticulated in a manner which would have graced either bar or pulpit, his listener failed to understand him. I was often amused at the mixture of French and English I heard, but I have no doubt my own endeavours to make myself understood gave equal amusement to others.

After spending an hour in the reading-room of the hotel, I retired to rest, the *femme de chambre* appropriating to my use a room exactly over the one occupied on several occasions by the late lamented Albert Smith, of Egyptian Hall celebrity. The horn of the cow-herd, summoning his flock all through the village, woke me at daybreak the next morning. I looked out of my window and saw scores of the sleek smooth animals trotting past, jingling the bells hung from their necks so merrily as almost to make one fancy they rather enjoyed the music. I lay down again, seeing no reason for being up so early, but I had scarcely to my own thinking, fallen asleep again, when the *garçon* rapping at the door, informed me that it was six o'clock, and breakfast was waiting. I rose and looked out of the

window again, and saw with feelings of unbounded delight "the Monarch of mountains," and to my recollection came instinctively, Coleridge's unrivalled and majestic "apostrophe to Mont Blanc."

"Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale !
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink :
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald : wake, O wake, and utter praise !
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow,
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amidst their maddest plunge !
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven,
Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?
God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
God ! sing ye meadow-streams with glad voice !
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm !
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
Ye signs and wonders of the element ;
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !
Thou, too, hoar Mount ! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downwards, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous mountain ! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—rise, O ever rise,
Rise a cloud of incense, from the earth !
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God !

Coming down stairs, one of my friends said, "we have a hard day's work before us, so be sure and make a good breakfast," and certainly it was my own fault if I

did not, as there were *côtelettes*, eggs, coffee, bread, butter, and honey—all excellent and worthy of the world-wide reputation of this hotel.

When we reached the diligence office, the *char à banc* as already in waiting. This vehicle has been compared to the body of a gig placed sideways upon four wheels, surrounded by leather curtains, made to draw, or to a four post bedstead on wheels. It is made to go on roads where no other species of carriage dare venture, but it is very jolting. My companions in this strange vehicle were, my clerical friend, and a gentleman (not one of our tourist party) travelling with two ladies, who I afterwards learnt were his wife and sister-in-law. I occupied the outside seat with the *cochér*, and though in the early morning the wind blew chill, I enjoyed the ride. We were riding along at a tolerably smart pace, but ere we had gone a couple of miles, the harness belonging to one of the horses broke, and a temporary stoppage was made for repairs; then another short stage and a similar accident occurred to the harness of the other animal, when down flew the driver, and taking with him a large quantity of rope, evidently carried for the purpose, speedily set it to rights, when we sped along, with the full conviction, that unlike the harness, the temper of the springs was anything but yielding.

The scenery now became every moment full of interest, and this, together with the mishaps on the road, loosened the springs of conversation, and without introduction, all became quite chatty. My Cambridge friend entered into conversation in French with the strangers, and joining him, we soon learnt that they came from Holland, had travelled through Germany, and were now "doing" Switzerland on their way to

Baden-Baden. They proved most agreeable travelling companions, particularly the ladies, their affability, intelligence, and lively and agreeable manners, made **their company acceptable** as fleeting companions. No time was lost in preliminary introductions, we became acquainted at once—at least sufficiently so for the purposes of the journey, and though our acquaintance was short, when we parted, it was with the mutual expression of a hope that we might one day meet again.

Presently we came to the top of the long steep descent known as the Montets, down which our driver requested us to walk. It is really a formidable hill, rugged and rocky, but opening up some grand views of the deep gorge of the Arve, dark with pine-woods and a precipitous mountain-ridge, bristling with mighty battlements in the distance.

"If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills."

This descent is in one of those spots where to walk is a pleasure, sufficient to repay the exertion. We walked down—down—finding the bottom much further off than we expected, and reaching the hill foot before our conveyance we stood upon the well known bridge, Pont Pelissier—a favourite spot with artists—and gazed with rapture upon the Arve, on our left, as it came rushing down the mountain side, as by a staircase in constant leaps, plunging into ravines and chasms of indescribable beauty.

At Servoz, a short distance further, the road rises and twists about through a path so stony and rough as to render our ascent very tedious. This harshness was, however, softened by the scenery through which it took us. Here and there, ensconced in some snug corner,

was a beautiful Swiss cottage; an orchard behind it, and in front a garden filled with beds of brilliant flowers. Reaching level ground again, we rattled merrily away until we reached Sallanches, where we had to wait an hour, till the diligence should start for Geneva. We sat down under the delicious shade of an orchard, and were speedily absorbed in the contemplation of the scenes by which we were surrounded. Right before us was the broad, variegated, and winding valley of the Arve, and in the distance, in shadowy magnificence, the enclosing mountains seemed to melt away in the sky. Following the ascending vale till nearly lost amid pine-clad ridges, we saw that the majesty of the "Alpine Monarch" threw everything else into shade or insignificance; and with his grand retinue of glaciers, icy precipices, and trackless wastes of snow, claimed supreme homage, and in awful pre-eminence overlooked the scene. It was a pleasant hour; the sky was mild, the earth seemed to smile with beauty, and we said to each other "I should like to live in this beautiful country," and when the horses were yoked into the huge vehicle, and we had taken our places in the *banquette*, and "round went the wheels," a sort of regret was felt by each, as we left behind us, the bright and charming region. We never seemed to tire of gazing at the mountains; they presented so many forms of beauty, such as Lamartine has described:—"Water, walls, trees, rocks, site, path, cascade, hanging galleries, culminating towers, and harmonious hues. They are specimens of the supreme art of that architect who knows nothing of art; a manifestation of the beautiful."

The road from Sallanches to Geneva, about 84 miles, follows the course of the river Arve nearly the whole of

the distance, along a valley which, in some of its features, resembles Matlock, the "Switzerland of England."

The sun now shone upon the scene until all was warmth and brightness, the road was excellent, but clouds of dust, which we ourselves raised in journeying along, obscured in some measure the bright prospect otherwise so extensive and delightful. After an hour's riding, our attention was arrested by a waterfall of striking grandeur. I wish I could describe it as it deserves, but Dr. Cheever and the late Justice Talfourd have both given descriptions which will serve my purpose. The latter says :—"The Nant d'Arpenas is the fall of a small rivulet, which gushes down unseen from fissures of the lofty rock, the water, in mid-air, leaps from it, and meeting immediately with little projections, is dashed into fine atoms, floats off some 230 feet from the ground in an everlasting, yet everchanging, feather; and though a portion of the water may be caught by the lower rock, and may drizzle down it, the body of water actually disperses—makes itself 'air into which it vanishes.' It is like a spirit embodied—no! not embodied—*shaped*, breaking from the rock—ever perishing, yet ever renewed—an image of purity, evanescence, and duration! Its substance is as slight as its identity—the most ethereal of all things which in any sense endure—light as 'the snowfall in the river,'—or a wreath of smoke—yet existing as a waterfall for thousands of years—the æriel of inanimate matter! I gazed upon it till it looked like a speck of gossamer cloud, and sighed for it even while the vale, expanding wider and wider, and becoming grander and grander, dazzled me with its luxuriance and brightness." Dr. Cheever's description is equally graphic:—"These cascades or waterfalls, of which the

Nant d'Arpenas is one of the finest, fall softly like a long veil of wrought lace, over the precipices by the road-side, many hundred feet high. They are like—what *are* they like?—like beautiful maidens timidly entering the gay world—like Raphael's or Murillo's pictures of the Virgin and Child—like the light of unexpected truth upon the mind—like a 'morrice band' of daisies greeting a 'traveller in the lane'—like a flock of sheep among lilies—like the white doe of Rylstone—like the frost-work on the window—like an apple-tree in blossom—like the first new moon. They are like, too;—fairies dancing in the moonlight; like the wings of angels coming down Jacob's ladder into the world."

When we reached the old town of Cluses—built in a pass between mighty walls of rock—an halt was made to change the horses, and while this was going on, I bought as many cherries for half-a-franc, as nearly lasted us in the eating, all the way to Geneva. The people who stood by as we halted here looked poor and dejected, and one or two of them suffered from the goitre. This disease, is a swelling in the front of the neck, which increases with the growth of the individual until it attains an enormous size, and becomes "a hideous wallet of flesh," to use the words of Shakespere, hanging pendulous down to the breast. In the Valais scarcely a woman is free from it, and it is said that those who have no swelling are called goose-necked.

We again sped along till we reached Annemasse, four miles from Geneva, where was the office of the French customs. No demand being made upon us here, we drove along, till on each side of the road indications appeared of an approach to a populous town or city. We now felt that men and not mountains claimed our

attention, as we passed elegant carriages filled with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and graceful villas surrounded by lovely gardens, bordering the route on each side. A few minutes more and our diligence drew up at the door of the Hotel de la Couronne, and we alighted in the principal street of the largest city of the Swiss Republic, the "Rome of Protestants, and the head quarters of Calvinism."

We were speedily located in No. 46, a chamber overlooking the lake, and from which we had some very extensive views. I cannot say that I liked at these various hotels, having my individuality reduced to No. 46, or to some other equally indefinite number. When we came down stairs, dinner at *table d' hote* was about to commence, and we needed no invitation to take our seats, having fasted, with the exception of fruit, for the past ten hours. The dinner was served in good style, and a splendid band of music, conveniently stationed in the hall of the hotel, discoursed good music during the time we were eating. After this refreshing meal we lounged for an hour on the noble quay, which, washed by the lake, extends the whole breadth of the town. Along the side of the quay lay moored a large number of beautifully painted pleasure-boats with scarlet awnings; some were also skimming the surface of the clear blue waters of the lake, temptingly inviting us to have a sail. We soon found ourselves rowing along the surface of this charming lake, whose praises have been sung by Voltaire, Goëthe, Byron, and many others. "*Mon lac est le premier,*" (my lake is the first) are the words in which Voltaire has vaunted the beauties of the lake of Geneva, or lake Leman as it is also called.

Byron has sung its praises as follows :—

"Clear, placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwellt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction ; once I loved
Torn Ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose cap heights appear
Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more."

This lake is a sheet of clear water, as blue as the sky which is reflected on its surface ; it differs from all the other lakes of Switzerland which appear of a green colour ; it lays 1155 feet above the sea ; it receives the waters of forty rivers or streams, and takes in some degree the shape of a crescent. Its banks as we sailed passed them appeared wonderful in their beauty. Writers in all their enthusiasm, have not exceeded the bounds of truth in their descriptions. Boufflers calls the lake a miniature portrait of the ocean, and Alexandre Dumas compares it to the gulf of Naples. One writer speaking of Geneva and its lake says :—The aspect of the city rising on the banks of the most beautiful lake, and surrounded by the most majestic mountains in the world—in the very heart of an enchanting land—awakens in the mind of the traveller the quickest sensations of admiring pleasure ;—the beauty of the whole scene, the clearness and limpidity of the blue waters of the lake, the pureness of the air, the imposing grandeur and extreme variety of the views, which nature has accumulated with a bountiful hand in this

favoured country—all contribute to create a perfect and harmonious succession of pictures vying with each other in their exquisite sublimity." Mrs. Stowe writes of this town and neighbourhood:—"The day dawned clear over this palace of enchantment. The mountains, the lake, the entire landscape on every side revealed itself with transparent brilliancy. This lovely place will ever leave its image on my heart. Mountains embrace it. Strength and beauty are its habitation." It would ill become me to attempt to describe what has already been so well pourtrayed by the writers quoted, and I shall content myself by adding my humble testimony to the truth of their encomiums.

After we reached the shore and landed, we promenaded the quay, where all was life and movement, for while groups of idlers leaned over the wall looking dreamily into the water, others paced the pavement on either side, and wagons plyed a busy trade between the steam-boats and the diligence offices. Within the Promenade du Lac or English garden, on the quay, a fountain and a band were both playing, and hundreds of people were sat enjoying the strains of the music, the play of the fountain, and the scent of the flowers.

Feeling the effects of the mule ride still more than I did the preceding evening, I retired early, and No. 46 was soon fast asleep, but only to enjoy his rest for a brief season.

CHAPTER X.

"Since I was man
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard."—SHAKESPEARE.

About one o'clock a.m., I was awakened by a peal of thunder, and getting out of bed, I looked out of the window and saw,—that the surface of the lake and the surrounding neighbourhood was lit up by a continuous blaze of lightning, which revealed with distinctness the objects and places of interest, both on the lake and on the shore. The wind had risen to a howl; the rain was pouring down in torrents, and the thunder ever and anon pealed fearfully. We were not surprised at the rain, as the evening had been very close; but we were not prepared for an elemental war on such a scale. It was an awfully grand sight; one, upon which we gazed with wondering awe, and shall never forget. Byron saw lake Lemman in a storm and thus writes:—

"The sky is changed! and such a change! Oh night,
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue.
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

* * * * *
And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 't is black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth.
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth."

The rain fell heavily all night, but the morning brought fine weather again and rising early, we went to one of the bathing-places in the lake, and enjoyed the luxury of a good bath. Strolling round the town we saw many indications of industry, implying that the people were well conducted. We were much amused when walking on the water's edge, in the old part of Geneva, to see scores of women in great floating wash-houses, moored in the river, working and talking as vigorously as possible. At this point the Rhone rushes past with great swiftness and so "beautifully blue," that it seems a desecration to allow the washerwomen to thus pollute it. Still it was pleasant to see how white and spotless the linen appeared after the cleansing it underwent, in such a stream of purity.

On our return to the hotel, and indeed nearly all the time we were in the streets of Geneva we were pestered by Swiss girls carrying in their hands large baskets filled with Swiss carvings, in every conceivable form, and of which they desired us to become purchasers. We pretended not to understand the prices asked, and endeavoured to get rid of them, by offering them considerably less than they wanted; but we found that they invariably accepted any reasonable offer. We learnt, both now and at other times, "that while John Bull's language—spoken as well as written—is a dead language to most of the natives of France and Switzerland, at the same time, nothing is more universally intelligible than the jingling of the ready cash in his pocket." "A Swiss hotel proprietor expressed the estimate in which Englishmen are held on the continent, when he told a group of four stalwart Yorkshiremen, as they were settling their hotel bill,—

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'I do like you English people, you part with your money so freely. A Frenchman leaves the settlement of his account till the last moment, and then finding all manner of fault about the charges, flies into a rage instead of paying his bill.' "

After breakfast we walked to the cemetery of Plain Palais, a little way beyond the Port Neuve, and found the graves of Sir Humphrey Davy, and Calvin, the latter distinguishable only by a small stone, with the letters J. C. cut thereon. We then proceeded to "the meeting of the waters" a point, about a mile distant from the town. Although the waters of the Rhone and the Arve meet at this junction, they do not blend for a considerable distance, but run in distinct currents,—the Rhone clear, blue and bright, and the Arve thick and brown.

Through the kindness of our friend the clergyman, who had a letter of introduction to the English Consul, and with whom he had spent the preceding evening, we had the pleasure of calling upon that representative of "Her Britannic Majesty," and was received by him with great kindness. After chatting for an hour, he kindly sent a person with us to show us the "lions" of the town. We proceeded, first, to the Musée Rath, or Museum of the Fine Arts. It contains some excellent paintings by Salvator Rosa, Paul Véronèse, Téniers, Rubens, and many others. Thence to the Academical Museum, principally filled with the native productions of Switzerland, and containing specimens of the chamois, the dog of St. Bernard, and all the fishes of the rivers and lakes of the country.

These places did not, however, possess sufficient interest to detain us long, as our time was limited,

and we were anxious to see the Cathedral, which we reached after a good climb. "Externally it is of an extreme simplicity of architecture, but its interior possesses interest as a very early and uncorrupted specimen of the Gothic of the 11th century." We ascended the pulpit, and sat in the chair and under the canopy which were in use in Calvin's time. From the Cathedral we retraced our steps to the Hotel de Ville, or Government House, and found it a curious building. In order to reach the upper stories, instead of a staircase, we ascended an inclined and paved way, which an official—who explained the various features of the building to us—said was constructed in 1570, in order that the councillors might ascend on horseback, or in a litter, to the very door of the Council Chamber. We made a hasty glance through the building, and then we wended our way to the Library. This vast collection of books, MSS, and other valuable documents, was founded in 1551, by Bonnivard, the prisoner of Chillon. By using the name of the English Consul, we were privileged to examine the following portions of the collection, viz.:—394 MS letters of Calvin, almost illegible (one of which is addressed to Lady Jane Grey, while a prisoner in the Tower); 44 vols. of his MS. sermons; the manuscript of the "Noble Leçon," a work of the ancient Waldenses; the discourses of St. Augustine; a MS on Papyrus of the 7th century; also letters of St. Vincent de Paul, J. J. Rousseau, and others.

Our time having expired, we returned to the hotel for our luggage, and had scarcely secured it and paid our bill, when the bell of the steamer, on the lake, warned us to make haste, if we intended to accompany our party

to Lausanne. At three o'clock, the steamer started, with a large number of passengers, that portion of them belonging to the country having a contented, well-to-do, look about them. Smoothly the vessel sped on its way, past some handsome dwellings on the banks of the lake, three of which were pointed out to us as the residences of Baron Rothschild, Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P., and Prince Napoleon, the house of the latter having a castellated appearance. As we went on, we neared the mountains that enclosed the eastern end of the lake, and we could discern, far in the distance, some of the snow-capped peaks of the St. Bernard. A party of pedestrian tourists, on board, described to me their adventures on these mountains, expressing their wish again to be amongst their never-tiring beauties.

We reached Ouchy, near Lausanne, in a few hours, and soon were quite "at home" again, in the Beau Rivage Hotel. We passed two hours of the evening in a small boat on the lake, and then sat on the terrace in the grounds, listening to a large party of vocalists, whose voices floated sweetly on the bosom of the water.

On the opposite shore, we could discern the outlines of the giant mountains, and as the shades of evening came on, they became lost in the sky or the floating clouds. Lamartine has beautifully said—"When you wish to admire, to pray, to dream, you look at the mountains in the morning; when you would hope, desire, enjoy, become wrapped up in the peaceful images of rural life, you look at the mountains under their evening aspect. One is a picture of felicity on earth, the other a ladder of infinite aspiration to heaven. Each presents one of the most beautiful scenes in the

decoration of that drama of happy life wherein the Creator has delighted to employ his hands."

Shelley's apostrophe to Night, was appropriate to the scene before us :—

"How beautiful this night! the balmyest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps the moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,

* * * * *

— all form a scene

Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturb'd might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

CHAPTER XI.

"These tourists, Heaven preserve us! needs must live
A profitable life: some glance along,
Rapid and gay, as if the earth were air,
And they were butterflies to wheel about
Long as the summer lasted: some, as wise
Upon the forehead of a jutting crag
Sit perch'd, with book and pencil on their knee,
And look and scribble, scribble on and look,
Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,
Or reap an acre of his neighbour's corn.—WORDSWORTH.

Saturday.—At the breakfast table this morning I was sitting next to our American friends, who told me that they intended to stay at Lausanne for a few days, and then return to Paris on their way to England. We had a long chat; talking about the Old World and the New, and the probability or otherwise of a speedy termination to the disastrous war in their country. We talked also of our travelling experiences; but I could not gather that they had learnt much, if anything, by their travels, and if, as I believe, and as they had previously intimated, they had only left America for personal reasons connected with the war, they might have accomplished their purpose; but, if that was not the reason, then I could only arrive at the conclusion that having the "wherewithal" to travel, they went from one part of the world to the other, for the sake of saying "I have been there." Bidding them adieu, I joined my friends, who were starting for the railway station, and at nine precisely we left for Berne and Lucerne. I must not omit to mention that our train was, what in England is called a "fast train," in

Switzerland, "*grand vitesse*," literally great swiftness, but which, at its utmost speed, would not reach eighteen miles an hour. Though this kind of travelling suited very well where the scenery was new and striking, yet it scarcely answered our purpose, when we had no other desire than to reach our journey's end.

I wish, however, that some of our railway companies in England would copy the styles of carriage in use in Switzerland. Instead of the dark covered dungeons, with small square windows, called "third class," or the "close, cribbed, cabined, and confined" compartments denominated "second class" in England; we rode in a second class equal in every respect to the English first class carriages, while the "thirds" we saw were roomy airy, and comfortable, much preferable to the accommodation afforded in that country which boasts of being "the envy and admiration of surrounding nations."

The line of railway on which we were travelling, though nearly level, presented many features worthy of notice. The stations were of an extremely pleasing style of architecture, regular Swiss pattern, and every one we passed was surrounded by a pretty garden, with the flowers in full bloom, presenting quite a feast to the eye. The country too, on each side, was well cultivated, scarcely an inch of waste land to be seen, and the numerous vineyards gave promise, by their healthy appearance, of a good yield.

Travelling along we reached Freyburg, of which we had a good view while waiting at the station. We could see distinctly the famous suspension bridge, the longest of a single curve in the world. Our arrangements would not permit us to spend a day here, or we could have done so with much pleasure, as there are

many objects of interest in the town and its vicinity. The great organ in the Collegiate Church, is one of the finest instruments in Europe. It has 64 stops and 7,800 pipes, some of them 32 feet long. We could see the houses, standing on the very edge of the precipice overhanging the river, of a very quaint architectural character, and we could also make out the embattled walls stretching up the hills and along the dale, and skirting these for some distance we left Freyburg behind us. Passing a number of stations with unpronounceable names, and along a fine open country, abounding with pleasant prospects and charming landscapes, we arrive at three p.m., at Berne, the capital city of the Swiss Confederation. Perhaps I may be allowed to give here a short account of the Constitution of the Confederacy, from a copy of the CONSTITUTION OF SEPTEMBER, 1848:—

“The Helvetic confederation consists of twenty-two cantons. Each canton possesses its own laws, and regulates its own internal affairs; subject only to the control of the sovereign power vested in the confederation.

The confederation cannot maintain a permanent army. The army is only a military force, in which every male Swiss must serve for a certain number of years, holding himself at all times, if called, for cantonal or federal service.

The supreme authority of the Confederation is vested in the Federal Assembly, composed of two divisions.

(a) *National Assembly or Council.*

(b) *Council of State or Senate.*

(a) *National Assembly.* Composed of deputies from each canton, elected by all who have attained to twenty years of age, the proportion being one member in 20,000 of the population. (b) *Council of State.* Consisting of forty-four deputies, i.e., two for each canton.

These councils or assemblies meet twice a year, January and July, and discuss projects of law, election of federal councillors, treaties of alliance with federal powers, offensive and defensive measures. An absolute majority of votes decides a question.

Having only two hours to spare in Berne, we made the best of our time by engaging a guide to show us, not only the "lions," but the "bears" of the city. Starting from the Hotel de l' Europe, we went to the Federal Council Hall, a large and handsome building, in front of which is a marble fountain, with statues in bronze of the Four Seasons, and four swans. The steps leading into the building were nearly filled with pots containing rare flowers in full bloom, and of pleasant fragrance, intended I suppose for the gratification of the nasal and optic organs of the members of the Confederation, whose meetings were then being held. We passed through the various rooms in the building, and were highly pleased with their tasteful architecture and appropriate fittings, more especially the rooms appropriated to the meetings of the confederate body. Ascending several flights of steps our guide led us on to the flat roof of the building, whence we had a most magnificent view of the Bernese Oberland, and of the city and its vicinity. Six snowy peaks of the great chain of mountains were visible, and the city and neighbourhood spread out like a map at our feet, displayed a rich, varied, and animated appearance.

From this place we went to the Cathedral, a fine Gothic building, over the gate of which is a very curious piece of sculpture, depicting the last judgment. In the interior we noticed the fine organ; the tablet on the wall bearing the names of 18 officers, and 683 soldiers, citizens of Berne, who fell fighting against the French in 1798. We were sorry to find that we could not, for some reason or other, obtain a sight of the rich tapestries and vestments, part of the spoil taken from Charles the Bold at Morat, and which are

carefully preserved in the vestry of this Cathedral. Adjoining this edifice we found the Münster Platz, a handsome promenade, shaded with fine walnut trees; in the centre a statue of the old hero, the founder of Berne, and on the numerous seats placed around it, many of the good folks of the city were sitting, talking, laughing, and evidently enjoying the coffee, cigars, ices, and fruits, supplied from a handsome *café* at one corner of the square.

Really, these continental places, in their provisions for out-door enjoyment, might teach us a lesson; but, as a writer truthfully says:—"We, in England, stand too much in awe of Mrs. Grundy, are too much afraid of what other people will think of us, to be able to enjoy ourselves heartily, and as we ought, in the open-air. Why should not we feel at our ease as well as foreigners?"

From the Münster Platz, we went to see the "bears," for, it is said, that no traveller will quit Berne without paying them a visit, unless he wishes to have the omission of so important a sight thrown in his teeth whenever Berne is mentioned. The *Bear* forms the armorial badge of the town, the word "bern" signifying bear in old German, and he is a great favourite here. His effigy is on sign-posts, fountains, and buildings, and four living specimens are kept in a commodious den near the Nydeck Bridge, where we found them, evidently enjoying the large quantity of cakes, bread, and other dainties, which the juveniles of Berne were showering down upon them.

The streets of Berne have arcaded footways of stone, that have a very heavy appearance, but serve a most useful purpose, viz.:—that of shelter from the scorching sun of a Swiss July. Rills of water are carried through

the streets to purify them, and they are also abundantly furnished with fountains, each surmounted by some quaint effigy. One of these particularly arrested our attention. It is called the *Kinderfresser-Brunnen* (Ogre's-fountain), and receives its name from the antique figure of an ugly giant, who is represented as swallowing a baby bodily, while others are in his pockets and fastened to his waist, ready to be swallowed in their turn. One of our number thought that, if the object of the figure was to frighten children out of their senses, it was a capital contrivance.

Reaching the Hotel de l'Europe again, our thoughtful landlord had dinner waiting for us, and as we had but thirty minutes before leaving Berne, we lost no time in preliminaries, and we were doing justice to the excellent fare and wine set before us, when, suddenly, the public clocks commenced to strike the hour, and a simultaneous uprising was made by a large number of our party, who rushed into the street, hatless, and, wondering what all this could mean, I enquired of the *garçon*, who told me that they had gone to see the hour struck by the public clock, in the clock-tower close by. Its droll clock-work puppets are hourly objects of wonder to an admiring crowd of gaping idlers. A minute before the hour strikes, notice is given by the figure of a merry-andrew, which strikes two bells; then, Time, a venerable old man, sighs, turns his hour-glass, and raises his sceptre; a lion, dressed up, wags his head; a cock crows and flaps his wings; some bears march out and round a pillar, and a tall figure of a man strikes the hour on a large bell. Our friends were too late to see the novel performance, but my companions and I, on our return to Berne, a few days later, managed to be in the

neighbourhood of the clock-tower, or *Zeitglockenthurm*, as it is called, when the hour was being struck.

In passing through the streets of Berne, we saw that the names over the doors, and the language spoken by the people, was German, and the dress, more especially of the females, was very different to what we had seen elsewhere. A small black boddice, fitting tight round the waist; spotless white sleeves, and neck-gear extending down to the boddice, loosely held down by a steel chain passing under each arm from the back to the bosom, and a large gipsey hat perched on the top of their heads, gave them a remarkably smart appearance. Leaving Berne, our first halting-place was Olten, where some delay occurred, owing to a large number of persons who, having been to some fête in the neighbourhood, were now desirous of returning to their homes. They were chiefly of the peasant class, with that homely honest look, characteristic of the tillers of the soil. The women and girls,—many of the latter were handsome,—wore light straw hats, with the short waist, lace boddice, and short petticoat, peculiar to the Swiss “rustics.” The men had their “wide-awakes” wreathed round fantastically with wild flowers—principally the Alpine rose—and evidently, they had on their “first,” and not their “second best,” clothes. They amused each other with singing snatches of some German melodies, and thus the time between Olten and Lucerne passed joyously away.

We reached the latter place at ten p.m., and mounting the 'bus, we were speedily placed down at the door of the Hotel du Cygne (Swan Hotel), and in the course of an hour, forgetting alike the Beau Rivage, Freyburg, Berne, bears, clock, and all, we were fast locked in the embrace of

“Tired nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep.”

CHAPTER XII.

"The mountains that infold
In their wide sweep the coloured landscape round,
Seem groups of giant Kings, in purple and gold
That guards the enchanted ground.—BRYANT.

"Lucerne,—that sits like a jewel in the bosom of that
loveliest of valleys in Switzerland."—H. W. BEECHER.

Lucerne is beautifully situated, and as we emerged from the "Swan" on this bright Sabbath morning, we were scarcely prepared for the panorama of beauty which met our gaze. The lake of Lucerne, or as it is sometimes called, the lake of the Four Cantons, lay spread out before us like a mirror, and fully realized all that our fancy had conceived, or writers have depicted. One writer says:—"It is distinguished above every lake in Switzerland, and perhaps in Europe, by the beauty and sublime grandeur of its scenery. Its shores are a classic region—the sanctuary of Liberty; on them took place those memorable events which gave freedom to Switzerland—here the first Confederacy was formed; and above all its borders were the scene of the heroic deeds and signal vengeance of WILLIAM TELL, on which account they are sometimes called Tell's country. We walked along the margin of the lake, admiring the numerous gaily painted boats, some bearing a party "on pleasure bent," and others lying idly on the surface of the water, but all reflecting themselves in the clear stream,—boat and shadow.

Turning to our right a few steps led us to the Mill-Bridge, which is one hundred yards in length, was

constructed in 1408, and is intended for pedestrians alone. The interior of the roof wherewith it is covered is divided by a great number of partitions, which contain a succession of thirty-six pictures with double faces, representing the "Dance of Death." There are also other subjects; and the different pieces, the gifts of different individuals, have the names of the donors severally inscribed upon them. Walking along the side of the stream we reached a second bridge, which we learnt was built in 1808, which is one thousand feet long, and traverses the lake at its junction with the Reuss. This too was decorated with pictures, one hundred and fifty-four in number, seventy-seven of which, represent the most remarkable epochs of the heroic times of Switzerland; the remaining seventy-seven are subjects taken from the histories of the two patrons of the town, St. Leger and St. Maurice. Wordsworth says "that these pictures are not to be spoken of as works of art, but they are instruments admirably answering the purpose for which they are designed."

"Renowned Lucerne
Calls me to pace her honoured bridge, that cheers
The patriot's heart with pictures rude and stern :
An uncouth chronicle of glorious years."

Crossing this interesting relic of olden times we entered the town, proper. The houses generally had an antiquated appearance, though some few were built in modern style. The fountains here, as in other parts of Switzerland, were numerous, and of singular beauty and originality.

After breakfast we went to see what is considered to be the most interesting sight in Lucerne, viz.,—"*the monument to the memory of the Swiss Guards, who fell*

while defending the Royal Family of France in one of the bloody massacres of the first French Revolution. It is situated in the garden of Colonel Pfeffer, beyond the church on the Zurich road. The model was designed by the celebrated sculptor Thorwaldsen, and it is said of it, "that whether as a tribute to fallen valour, or as a work of art, of admirable design and no mean execution, it merits the highest praise. It is the most *appropriate* monument in Europe." The monument represents a colossal lion dying amidst weapons and armorial bearings; the right paw resting upon an escutcheon bearing the arms of France, which he is no longer capable of defending. It is hewn out of the living rock, which forms a grotto around it, forty-four feet long and twenty-six feet high. The lion itself is twenty-eight and a half feet long. The dying lion partly covers with his body a buckler, on which the *fleur de lis* is conspicuous; the lance which pierced his side remains, part of which is broken; the face expresses the grief of noble feelings and tranquil courage, and the half-shut eyes seem weeping for the fate of France, and as about to be closed for ever. We sat down, and along with many others around, we expressed our admiration of the scene before us, and listened to the description given by an aged veteran, one of the very few survivors of the Swiss guard, who, dressed in his red uniform, acts as *cicerone* to the strangers. There was a quiet solitude and agreeable shade about the spot which caused us to linger. The rocks around were mantled with ferns and creepers, while from many a crevice the water came in trickling springs and was received into a basin-shaped hollow below the monument, forming a mirror in which the sculpture was reflected.

A few yards from the lion was a small chapel, which we entered. It is a further memorial of the Swiss Guards, and contains a privileged altar. The covering is of crimson silk, embroidered by the hands of the dauphiness of France, by whom it was presented. At eleven o'clock we went to the Cathedral, whose fine bells were now ringing merrily, and joining the crowd of worshippers, we entered the sacred building. The interior seemed to us to be overloaded with carving, gilding, paintings, and monuments. The service was just commencing, but as it was in the German language, we failed to benefit by it. We returned into the porch and watched the people as they poured in, till the church was crowded with worshippers,—chiefly of the peasant class, of respectable appearance and decent deportment. We went into the church-yard adjoining, and found that a covered promenade around it was filled with quaint old monuments, some capital paintings, and underneath our feet the graves of those to whose honour the monuments were erected. Against the pillars to support the roof of the promenade were fixed basins, containing holy water, near which was hung a small wisp or broom. Several females came while we were walking round, and sprinkling most liberally the stones beneath their feet, departed, evidently satisfied with this tribute to the memory of the dead. Meeting near the cathedral with our companion the clergyman, we accompanied him to the English church, where we were just in time to hear an excellent sermon, from a countryman of our own, in our own language.

On reaching our hotel we commenced taking leave of nearly the whole of our fellow-tourists, as our party of four, intended to leave immediately after dinner, for the

ascent of the Righi, and most of the others were intending to leave Lucerne the following morning for the classic scenes of Italy.

"There was shaking of hands, and sorrow of heart,
For the hour was approaching when merry folks part."

Farewells being exchanged and dinner despatched, we embarked on board the steamer for Weggis, from which place we intended to make our mountain ascent. We had left our luggage behind at the Swan, with the exception of a small *sac-de-nuit*, containing *Murray*, a flannel shirt, and other small necessaries. This, with our overcoat and the indispensable alpen-stock formed our equipment.

The scenery from the deck of the steamer was of the most pleasing kind. Lucerne and the neighbourhood presented features of a new and varied character, realizing the description given by one writer as follows: "There is here no Mont Blanc hanging its piles of snow in the heavens on one side, nor any Jura range skirting the golden sunset sky and shadowy earth with its green fringe on the other; but there are grand and varied mountains gazing into the crystal depths; there is an arrowy river dividing the town; having journeyed all the way through heroic lands down the valley of the St. Gothard, from a little tarn among the mountain summits, there are picturesque old feudal walls and watch-towers; there are long bridges which are covered galleries of antique paintings; and there are many points of interest and of beautiful scenery, with wild wood-walks, and sudden openings, and rich panoramas, where morning wakes the world to music and beauty, and where at evening the western clouds, mountains, groves, orchards, and all the dappled foliage, burn richly in the slant beams of the sinking sun."

CHAPTER XIII.

Now for our mountain sport, up to yond hill.
Your legs are young.—SHAKESPEARE.

Your next point will be the Righi, if you want to "do" the Righilar thing, but you must remember that the mountains are not to be got over with soft words, persuasion being, in this case, less useful than force with a good stick.—*Punch*.

Landing at Weggis, a small village at the foot of the Righi, we were immediately surrounded by a troop of boys, anxious to carry our bags and overcoats to the summit; and as we did not, at that time, feel the necessity of this assistance, we declined their overtures. They were not, however, to be put off by a simple "No," for a number of them followed us a considerable distance up the hill, offering to carry them for a franc, ("a franc not too much,") and eventually we began to be of the same opinion, and therefore engaged a rosy-faced youth of some twelve summers, who, strapping all our luggage on his back, marched ahead. Our path wound along the side of the mountain, in constant view of the lake, and when we had travelled some three miles, the scenery of wood and lake, and snowy mount, amply repaid us for the ascent. The slope now commenced in earnest, and passing the little chapel of *Heiligen-Kreutz* (Holy Cross), we entered a small refreshment room on the road-side, presided over by a stout, rosy-cheeked, "Maid of the Mountain," who, with a smile, and a smattering of English, asked us if we would have milk or *kirsch-wasser*, (cherry-water), both of which she could recommend. Not knowing the properties of the latter, we preferred

the goat's milk, which was rich and refreshing. Just beyond this halting-place, the path led up to a singular natural arch, formed by two vast detached blocks of stone, holding a third suspended, beneath which the path is carried. Our steps were now arrested, every few minutes, by peasant girls, who, racing up the mountain after us, or coming suddenly upon us from unexpected quarters, brought with them cherries, black and sweet ; wild strawberries, covered with powdered sugar, and a smile which made their importunities almost irresistible. After a toilsome ascent, up precipitous places, where the horses who passed us seemed almost in a perpendicular position, we came within sight of the *Kaltenbad*, or Cold Baths, when it commenced to rain in such a manner that we were in a likely way to have a bath before we reached the proper place.

The shower being over, we set out, intending to reach the summit of the Righi before again halting. We admired the magnificence of the scenery, which, at this point, was singularly wild and beautiful. On every hand we could see pines, vales, fields and mountains—

“ Lakes, rivers, long-drawn vales—towns, hamlets, towers,
From Gothard's glacier-snows to Swabia's bowers.”

Beneath us, with its beautiful bays, islands, and smiling villages, was the lake of Lucerne. Suddenly, without any warning, we plunged, as it were, into a sea of mist, volumes of which rolled along the valleys, at a considerable height above their surface, and then sweeping away, the whole lay clear and bright before us, and revealed a sight perfectly bewildering. The cold now became intense, our overcoats and mufflers affording but little warmth, and we were obliged to hasten along, to counteract, if possible, the sudden change from perspiration to chilliness.

We reached the Righi-Staffel Hotel, about two miles distant from the summit, where we took up our quarters for the night, and, changing our linen, took our places at the *table d'hôte*, fully prepared, after our seven miles walk, for the good things set before us. Upwards of eighty persons, of all countries, occupied places at the table, and the clatter of tongues in many languages was very amusing. After our mountain meal had been partaken of, we walked about a mile to the brow of a precipice, (the only point where the summit is really a precipice,) and as the sun declined, the scene was one which, as it would be impossible for me to describe, I must be pardoned if I again refer you to one of Dr. Cheever's vivid descriptions. Certainly, he saw it in the sunrise, while our view was at sunset; but both, from a panoramic point of view, are much alike. He says:—

“There is this great difference between the sunrise and sunset, that the hues of sunset are every moment deepening as you look upon them, while those of the sunrise gradually fade away into the light of day. It is difficult to say which is most beautiful, for if you could make everything stand still around you, you could not tell whether it were the morning dawn or evening twilight.

“The object most conspicuous as the dawn broke, and indeed the most sublimely beautiful, was the vast enormous range of the snowy mountains of the Oberland, without spot or vail of cloud or mist to dim them; peak after peak, mass after mass, glittering with a cold wintry whiteness in the gray dawn. Almost the exact half of the circumference of the horizon commanded before and behind in our view, was filled with these peaks and masses of snow and ice, then lower down, the mountains of bare

rock, and lower still, the earth with mounts of verdure ; and this section of the horizontal circumference, which is filled with the vast ranges of the Oberland Alps, being almost due west from the sun's first appearance, it is on their tops that the rising rays first strike.

“This was the transient view, which to behold, one might well undertake a voyage across the Atlantic;—of a glory and a beauty indescribable, and no where else in the world to be enjoyed, and here only in perfect weather. After these few moments, when the sun rose so high, that the whole masses of snow upon the mountain ranges were lighted with the same rosy light, it grew rapidly fainter, till you could no longer distinguish the deep exquisite pink and rosy hues by means of their previous contrast with the cold white. Next the sun's rays fell upon the bare rocky peaks, where there was neither snow nor vegetation, making them shine like jasper, and next on the forests and soft grassy slopes, and so down into the deep bosom of the vales.

“This amazing panorama is said to extend over a circumference of three hundred miles. In all this region, when the upper glory of the heavens and mountain peaks has ceased playing, then, as the sun gets higher, forests, lakes, hills, rivers, trees, and villages, at first indistinct and gray in shadows, become flooded with sunshine, and almost seem floating up towards you.

“It is said you can see fourteen lakes from the place where we are standing. I counted at least twelve last evening, before the night-vail of the mist had been drawn above them, but this morning the goings on in the heavens have been too beautiful and grand to take the time for counting them, and besides they are too much

enveloped with the slow-retiring fogs to detect them. On the side of the Righi under the eastern horizon you behold the little Lake of Lowertz, with the ruins of the village of Goldau, destroyed by the slide of the Rossberg, and you trace distinctly the path of the destroying avalanche, the vast groove of bare rock where the mountain separated and thundered down the vale. A little beyond are the beautiful peaks of Schwytz, called the Mitres.

“ All this wondrous panorama is before us. Whatever side we turn, new points of beauty are disclosed. As the day advances, every image, fully defined, draws to its perfect place in the picture. A cloudless noon, with its still solemnity, would make visible, for a short time, every height and depth, every lake, mountain, town, streamlet, and village, that the eye could reach from this position, and then would pass again the lovely successive transitions of shade deepening into shade, and colours richer burning, into the blaze of sunset, and the soft melancholy twilight, till nothing could be seen from our high position but the stars in heaven. In a few hours we have witnessed, as on a central observatory, what the poet Young calls

——— ‘the astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation,’

from the numerous worlds that throng the firmament at midnight,

‘where depth, height, breadth,
Are lost in their extremes, and where to count
The thick-sown glories in this field of fire
Perhaps a seraph’s computation fails.’”

Our friend, the clergyman, whom we had left behind in coming up the mountain, now appeared, panting, and in a profuse perspiration; but, though we tried to induce him to stay with us, he would not stop short of the highest point, and trudged forward. We returned to our hotel,

and retired early, in order, if possible, to be ready for the second object of our ascent, viz., to see the sun rise. About three o'clock, a.m., we were awakened by the horn of the watchman sounding through the building, its more noisy than melodious notes, calling upon the slumberers to rise and hasten up the mountain, to watch the movements of the sun. Reluctantly we left our beds, and turned out into the cold and frosty air, and wended our steps to the Righi-kulm, or culminating point. There is an hotel at the summit capable of accommodating two hundred visitors, and during the summer season it is, every night, crammed to overflowing, and it was a most singular scene to watch the various sun-worshippers, as they might be called, as they emerged from the hotel, a motley group, wrapped in every conceivable covering, but evidently all of them *en deshabille*. We waited for an hour in the cold, mist, and sleet, for the first beams of the sun. We employed the interval in looking round upon each other, and bidding "good morning" to our friend, who looked as fresh as possible after his nine miles of walking and brief repose. The rest of the company consisted of French, German, and English tourists, and there were one or two couples evidently on their wedding-tour, "with their arms round each other's waists, couples who had just been made one flesh, and seemed as though holding together till the splice became consolidated." At length, the mist having somewhat cleared away, the great orb of day became visible, revealing the mountains of surpassing splendour, and lighting up their hundred snow-clad peaks, which stretched out as far as the eye could reach. Our view of the sunrise from the summit of this mountain, though not so grand as the one Dr. Cheever had the good fortune

to see, was, on the other hand, not so bad as that described by some unfortunate tourists :—

“ Nine weary up-hill miles we sped, the setting sun to see ;
Sulky and grim he went to bed, sulky and grim went we.
Seven sleepless hours we tossed, and then, the rising sun too see,
Sulky and grim we rose again, sulky and grim rose he.”

During all the time we were on this elevation, the horn of the “ rest-disturber ” of the Righi was pouring forth its notes, preparatory to a demand being made upon our pockets for the amusement thus afforded. This Alp-horn is a simple tube of wood, wound round with bark, admitting of but slight modulation, yet very melodious when caught up and prolonged by the mountain echoes. “ In some of the pastoral districts, the Alp-horn supplies, on the higher pastures, where no church is near, the place of the vesper bell. The cow-herd, posted on the highest peak, as soon as the sun has set, pours forth the first four or five notes of the Psalm, “ Praise ye the Lord ! ” the same notes are repeated from distant Alps, and all within hearing, uncovering their heads and bending their knees, repeat their evening orison, after which the cattle are penned in their stalls, and the shepherds betake themselves to rest.”

We got breakfast on our return to the hotel, and at six o'clock, commenced our downward walk, which was nearly as fatiguing as the ascent, though not occupying so much time by nearly two hours. We passed through several strata of clouds, and from the cold of the mountain top to the warmth and beauty of the fertile valley. Reaching Weggis at eight o'clock, we waited for half an hour till the boat came to take us back to Lucerne, which place we reached in less than an hour.

Having again breakfasted, we took steamer for Alpnach, intending to cross the pass of the Brunig on our way to

Interlachen. We soon passed the base of Mont Pilatus, deriving its name from Pontius Pilate, the governor of Judea, of whom tradition relates, that on being banished from Rome, he wandered about for some time in anguish and remorse, and at length drowned himself in a lake on the summit of this mountain. Our vessel sped rapidly over the water, her change of place giving us, every moment, new and ever-changing variety of scenery; lofty and well-clad mountains—their sides, nearly to the summit, sprinkled over with *châlets* and huts; such grand views of light and shade, and all around full of historic incident.

Reaching Alpnach, a small village of 1400 inhabitants, we took our places in an omnibus which was waiting near the landing-stage, and which, although carrying only seven persons, was drawn by four horses, in consequence of the difficulties in the road. Our path, for some miles, lay along a rich pastoral valley, till we came to the lake of Lungern, when, passing the village of the same name, we commenced the ascent of the Brunig. As we ascended the mountain slope, rocks of strange and singular form stood out, in many places entirely overshadowing the road; their rugged masses being bedecked with verdure and beauty; while on the opposite side of the valley were toppling crags, frowning precipices, snow-clad peaks, glistening in the splendour of the noonday sun, and another still more lovely sight, viz;—the “skyborn waterfalls.” Nearing the summit of the pass, we got out and walked, slaking our thirst at the clear mountain springs that gushed forth in purity and plenty, and then we loitered to gather the wild strawberry, which grew in great abundance on the road side. As we were thus employed, a guide came up,

dressed in the peculiar costume of his class, viz ;—coat of home spun cloth with short tails and bright buttons, and in good English he asked us to engage him for the morrow, for an excursion to Grindelwald and the Wengern Alps. He brought out a little memorandum book, containing recommendations from travellers of various nations, to whom he had acted as guide and he seemed very anxious that we should have his services. We told him that our time was limited, as we intended to leave Interlachen the following morning when he expressed his regret, yet, he kept us company till we reached our conveyance again, and we found him to be an intelligent man, full of useful information respecting the country. As we walked along, every now and then we met a party of tourists, toiling on foot, alpen-stock in hand, and all were ready with their salutations expressive of recognition or goodwill—feelings in unison with the beautiful and tranquil scene. We at length reached the summit, 8668 feet above the sea-level, and here changing the horses at a poor roadside inn, we got out of the carriage and enjoyed the view, comprising the entire valley of Nidwalden, backed by the Pilatus, with the Lungern See for a foreground, “forming altogether one of the most delicious scenes in Switzerland.” Near us were the gigantic and snow white crests of the Wetterhorn, and others of the Bernese Alps, and on the precipices of some of the nearest mountains we could discern beautiful water-falls as they sent their feathery spray into the air.

The descent of the mountain was soon made, and after an hour's ride in the valley at the foot, we reached Brienz, where we bade adieu to diligences for this summer at least, and were soon again on one of

Switzerland's lovely lakes. We had not time to stop at the Giesbach falls, the most interesting of Swiss cascades. From the deck of the steamer we had a good view of the water as it came tearing down the mountain side and rushed into the lake with an impetuous force. We reached Interlachen at eight p.m., and found excellent accommodation at the Schweizerhof Hotel. After dinner we strolled through the town and observed that the houses were of the real Swiss type, just like the toys cut in wood, well known to English children.

Having finished our walk we sat on the terrace in front of our hotel, and gazed with rapt admiration upon the mountain scenery before us. The Oberland Alps, with the Jungfrau (maiden queen) right before us:—

*“Resplendent and impenetrable stream,
On which the maiden queen majestic sits
Serene. A diamond circlet crowns her brow,
And her white bosom glitters in the beams
Cast by the ardent sun, in fiery gaze,
On the fair breast they deck, but cannot melt.”*

This mountain is the Queen of the Bernese Alps. Its peak is 13,718 feet above the level of the sea, and it was named the virgin mountain, from the pure and unsullied whiteness of the snow on its summit, and from never having been trodden.

Dr. Cheever says of it:—“As Mont Blanc is the Monarch of Mountains in all Switzerland, so the Jungfrau is the Maiden Queen, with her dazzling coronet of sky-piercing crystal crags for ever dropping from their setting, and her icy sceptre, and her robe of glaciers, with its fathomless fringe of snow. She, too, is ‘Earth’s rosy star,’ so beautiful, so glorious, that to have seen her light, if a man had leisure, would be worth a pilgrimage round the world, or be accounted an event in his life, from which to calculate the longitudes of years.”

CHAPTER XIV.

"Where the Alpine summits rise,
Height o'er height stupendous hurl'd
Like the pillars of the skies,
Like the ramparts of the world :
High o'er Unterwalden's vale,
Where the forest fronts the morn ;
Whence the boundless eye might sail
O'er a sea of mountains borne :
Nature's bulwarks, built by Time,
'Gainst Eternity to stand,
Mountains terribly sublime,
Girt the camp on either hand."—MONTGOMERY.

Interlachen! we can say with Longfellow that "the evening sun was setting when we first beheld thee, and the sun of life will set ere we forget thee!" When we rose on the following morning and looked out of our chamber window, we could see that for situation and variety of pleasing views, it was the most enchanting place we had yet visited. On going into the town we found it to consist of one principal street, very broad, about a mile in length, extending to the lake of Brienz, and bordered on one side with immense walnut trees. On the other side were a great number of Swiss houses, shops, and hotels, of a gay and cheerful aspect, standing back from the road, surrounded by tastefully laid out gardens containing flowers "of every scent and hue." This valley has been appropriately called "the fairyland of Switzerland, where every true lover of nature will delight to hold converse with the *genii loci*—the spirits of the stream, and the lake, of the field and the mountain, of the ruined castle and the shady grove; for though there may be grander and more impressive scenes, more peaceful and secluded

spots, more luxuriant fields and stalwart peasants, yet there can be few, if any, valleys more enchanting, distant views more glorious, more richly wooded hillsides, or kinder or nobler people than those which may here be discovered.

During breakfast I observed that the majority of those present were of the gentler sex, who seemed perfectly at home, and apparently intending to stay some time. I have since learnt that Interlachen is the rendezvous for young gentlemen tourists in Switzerland, who have gone more for the enjoyment of society than scenery, and that matches whether first made in heaven or no, are often first commenced in this lovely valley. "I say, Jones, nice place this: lots of pretty girls;—amiable people the Murray's—very." "My dear fellow, as I am a little lame, you and Brown had better finish your tour without me—can't go, positively," An old traveller, one observant of the manners of our countrymen, when in Switzerland, gives the following advice:—"If a friend has cut you during your tour, ten to one but you'll catch him cutting his mutton here. If you have been journeying in the society of a pleasant party, don't grieve at parting: or if you have fallen in love, *en passant*, with some travelling beauty, don't despair of seeing her again, for you'll be sure to find her and her mamma at Interlachen." It is said by another, that "there are the amateur travellers, each one entering Switzerland with a knapsack full of clothes, his mind full of resolves to visit everything—mountains, valleys, glaciers, cascades—aye, even to the top of Mont Blanc; but few even of these that may not be met with, a week after they enter the country, doing the amiable, and enjoying the smiles of fair ladies in the boarding-houses at Interlachen."

After breakfast we had scarcely time to bid our reverend friend good-bye, (for he intended to stay and have an excursion to the Staubbach falls) when the omnibus drew up at the door and we took our places for Neuhaus, distant two miles, where we intended to take steamer to Thun. We were extremely sorry to part with our companion, for it is a source of great pleasure in travelling through such scenery to be associated with those who sympathise with us, and heartily respond to our expressions of delight.

The route taken by the omnibus was through the village of Unterseen, composed of wooden houses, brown with age, two centuries old. It is situated about half-way between the lakes of Thun and Brienz, whence its name, and that of Interlachen, both signifying "between the lakes," From the top of the 'bus we had a view of the most magnificent scenery, interspersed with romantic and picturesque features. The walnut trees on the sides of the road were of the most gigantic proportions, the fields were covered with a rich and luxuriant vegetation, and the panorama so wild and various, presenting pictures "of such sedulous cultivation and primitive simplicity, that it has long enjoyed the distinctive epithet of an Alpine paradise."

Reaching Neuhaus the steamer was just unloading its freight, preparatory to returning. From the deck came our friend the Frenchman, who had left us at Chamouni, and recognizing us again, he politely asked us "How have you enjoyed your too-ah and paath'd the time?" We answered that it had given us intense satisfaction, and the time had passed most rapidly, when the bell of the steamer rang and we bade him good-bye, but after we had taken our stand on the deck we could

see him quizzing us through his eye-glass, and evidently not exactly comprehending from what part of England we came.

Our trip across the lake of Thun was a very pleasant and agreeable sail, of about an hour's duration. The banks of the lake were occupied with neat villas, having well laid-out grounds. We landed at Scherzligen, where we took the rail for Berne, a distance of fifteen miles. As we rode along we were much amused with the names of the stations, of many of which we could make neither sound nor sense; for instance, Ostermundingen, which we thought to be nearly as unpronounceable as one on the line between Bienne and Lucerne, which is called Herzogenbuchsee. At Berne we were detained for two hours, which we spent in dining and walking about the streets, for it was market day and the country people were there in thousands, and in their picturesque dresses, and with their gabble in German, were quite a study. Leaving Berne we sped along at the *grand vitesse* speed, peculiar to their "fast trains," till we reached Lausanne, where another two hours halt was necessary; but as we had exhausted this place on our previous visit, we remained at the station and eventually we again took our seats, and after a tedious ride we alighted at the station in Geneva, whence on the morrow we intended to start for Paris, on our way to England and Home.

We spent the evening with a party of friends staying at the Couronne, and next day visited those parts of Geneva which abound in shops, containing *souvenirs* of the country we were about to leave. Our shopping lasted us till near dinner time, and after partaking of that meal we took 'bus for the railway station.



And now my readers, who have accompanied us thus far on our delightful trip, and are resting with us now on the shore of this lake of wonderful beauty, we must, for this year at least, bid adieu to the glaciers, the snow-capped mountains, the waterfalls and avalanches—the tinkling of the cattle bells and the horn of the Alpine cow-herd—the sunset on Mont Blanc and the glorious sunrise on the Righi—the loveliness and fruitfulness of the valleys, and the dark and sombre aspect of the pine forests. Our trip is nearly over. The carpet-bag, and, weak as you may think the act, the Alpen-stock, with umbrella, etc., are ready for the journey to England, for, though a most unlikely article for transport in a railway carriage, I was very desirous that my Alpen-stock, with its hieroglyphics, should reach my native village, and happily I succeeded in my desire.

From our seat on the omnibus we took our last view of the Alps, which for near a fortnight we had gazed on again and again, with ever increasing delight, which had formed the subject of our conversation hourly, which had roused within us emotions of which we had scarcely ever thought ourselves capable, and which had by their grandeur in tempest and storm, and in placid beauty, haunted our sleeping hours.

To use the words of one who in prose has embodied much of poetry:—"Ye monarchs of olden Europe, though reluctance rises within us, we must bid you farewell! Farewell to your snow-capped domes, your sky-piercing aiguilles, your lightning-riven crags, your spacious ice-fields, your awful ravines, your mantling clouds. With a voice the most eloquent and impressive, do ye speak of Time and of Power; and as we listen we

feel that we stand in the inmost shrine of their temples. Our conceptions of the grand, the beautiful, the terrific, the enduring, have all been expanded since we first gazed upon ye. Far more wisdom might be gained by him who has been presented at your courts, and trod your spacious halls, and held communion with your mystic spirits, than by the visitant of earth's most gorgeous palaces."

Rousseau, too, in sight of Geneva thus eloquently expresses his idea of the country we were about to leave behind us:—"The moment when from the height of the Jura I discovered the lake of Geneva, was a moment of ecstasy and ravishment. The sight of my country, of that country so beloved by me, where torrents of pleasure had inundated my heart; the air of the Alps so healthful and so pure; the sweet air of my native land, more delicious than the perfumes of the East; that rich [and fertile land; that unique country, the most beautiful on which the eye ever rested! charming residence to which I had found no equal in the circuit of the world! the sight of a happy and free people! the mildness of the season, the serenity of the climate; all this threw me into transports which I cannot describe."

We left Geneva at 4-30 p.m., and in about an hour's time reached Bellegarde, the last Swiss and first French station. Here we had to alight and a porter seizing our luggage desired us to follow him. We did so, and entered a large room already containing a vast amount of baggage, and very soon an official in full uniform demanded our keys, and proceeded to make an examination, but finding nothing of a suspicious character he affixed his sign-manual with chalk and let us depart.

After this detention we next halted at Culoz, then at Amberieux, at which place we changed carriages, and most fortunately we secured to ourselves a compartment with three seats, and as darkness came on we placed our carpet-bags to serve as pillows, and I was soon fast asleep. "Dijon" sounded in my ears, as only a railway porter could pronounce it, awoke me from my slumber, and rubbing my eyes I proceeded to ascertain for what purpose this unseemingly stir was made, when "*changez*" rung out from the same stentorian lungs. I collected together as well as my half-awake state would permit, my "goods and chattels," and followed the passengers, and have some faint idea that we crossed the rails, made a circuit of the station, entered a large waiting-room, the clock in the place pointing to 2.30 a.m., waited some twenty minutes, we recrossed the rails and in the end found ourselves exactly in the same compartment we had previously occupied, and were almost inclined to think the whole a dream; then I endeavoured to resume my sleep and soon succeeded. When I awoke it was quite daylight, and our next stopping place was Tonnere, when we endeavoured to obtain refreshments, but could obtain nothing better than one or two stale buns. As we travelled this road on our journey to Neuchatel, we found no new features of interest, and were delighted when we reached Paris, after having been riding nineteen consecutive hours,—distance three hundred and eighty miles.

CHAPTER XV.

O, thus to revel, thus to range,
I'll yield the counter, bank, or change;
The business crowds, all peace destroying;
The toll, with snow that roots our brains;
The seeds of care, which harvest pains;
The wealth, for more which strives and strains,
Still less and less enjoying.

From the station we proceeded to our hotel, and then to Palais Royal to dinner, after which we hastened to the church which contains the tomb of Napoleon the First. The exterior is very fine. The portico is composed of two rows of columns one above the other, and above these a magnificent dome, decorated by forty columns. This dome took thirty years in its execution, and is covered with gilded lead. The interior of this dome church, with its eight arched chapels, and painted cupola, is exceedingly grand. On entering the church, we perceived a circular balustrade of white marble, and, on looking over it, found it to be the crypt where the remains of Napoleon lie, immediately beneath the dome. We passed round the altar, and descended about ten yards, by a marble staircase, and, in front of us, we saw a bronze door, leading to the tomb, and above which is engraved, in French, the phrase taken from Napoleon's will:—"I desire that my ashes may rest on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of that French people whom I have loved so well." Opposite this entrance is a large bronze door, leading to the Reliquary, a kind of black marble sanctuary, of an austere and religious aspect. We looked through the grating and saw the relics,

consisting of the sword which the Emperor wore at Austerlitz; the insignia which decorated his breast on days of solemnity; the gold crown voted to him by the town of Cherbourg; and sixty flags, the spoils of his conquests. A large statue of the Emperor is placed at the end of the room. It is a grand and massive burial place. Guarding this honoured dust, were four old veterans, with small tri-coloured flags, who seemed much pleased with the task of pointing out the tomb of the great Master whose footsteps they had followed during his brilliant career. They were white-haired men, fit in every respect for the office assigned them. The building of this funeral monument cost £18,000, the polishing of the sarcophagus, which contains the body, cost £6,000 sterling.

From this interesting spot, we went to the Pantheon. This church was first built at the instigation of an abandoned woman, with funds raised by a gambling lottery speculation, and it has been by turns a church, a temple of reason, a mausoleum, and an insurrectionary fortress. It was in 1791 that it was converted into a temple and mausoleum, where were to repose the ashes of the great men of the country. In the vaults of the Pantheon are the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau; the body of the former, it has been lately discovered, has been removed from the tomb.

After spending an hour or two in the Tuileries gardens, we went to our hotel, and to bed early, to make up for the lost rest of some of our party the night previous. In the morning we walked to the Palace of Luxembourg, and entered by way of the famous gardens, which are considered, by many, superior to those of the Tuileries. We found the upper part of the gardens covered and

almost completely shaded by large trees, beneath which we sat, and enjoyed—in spite of the burning sun above—shade, calm, and coolness. This upper part is separated from the lower by a slope, crowned along the whole extent by a stone balustrade, interspersed at intervals with sculptured pillars, supporting rose trees, and decorated with flowers. The lower part consists of a complete assemblage of beds, filled with the loveliest and most odorous flowers. In the middle is a large basin of water, dotted with swans, and having a number of water jets, the sparkling streams from which spread around a fresh and moist atmosphere, loaded with the scent of the flowers which surround the fountain. After lingering for some time, we entered the Palace itself, and here thronged around us, a host of historical recollections. “Of all the Palaces in France, there is none which has experienced greater vicissitudes of fortune, or which has witnessed so many different events. Before it became a palace, it was a nobleman’s mansion. In 1615, Marie de Medicis, widow of Henry IV., pulled the mansion down, and built the present palace. She only occupied the palace a short time, bequeathing it to her second son, Gaston d’Orleans, who caused to be inscribed in golden letters over the principal door, ‘Palais d’Orleans,’ but the people still continued to call it by its old name. Under the Regency, the Duchess de Berri occupied it, and gave it an unenviable reputation. In order not to be inconvenienced in the orgies which the Palace of the Luxembourg became the scene at that time, the Duchess had all the doors of the palace, and all the gates of the garden, walled up, with the single exception of the principal entrance, and no one could enter there without the pass word. Under the Republic,

it was the fate of the Luxembourg to be dethroned, and it then became a gaol. This, however, did not last long, and in 1795, it became, first the Palace of the Directory, then that of the Consulate, and afterwards the 'Palace of the Conservative Senate.' In 1814, this senate disappeared, together with the name of the Palace, and a bold inscription placed over the door announced that it would henceforth be the 'Palace of the Peers.' At this period everything was restored, and a chamber, pompously adorned with the name of the 'Room of the Golden Book,' was to contain, in perpetuity, of course, the titles of the peers of the kingdom. In 1831, this was abolished, and the chamber became a kind of Court of Justice. It was necessary to enlarge the palace in order to adapt it to its new uses; and, strange to relate, the chamber of peers, the supreme court, consigned to imprisonment, which was also meant to be perpetual, the personage who reigns in France at the present time, under the title of Napoleon the Third." Such is the eventful history of this palace. Having visited the various rooms, we departed, and walked to the Musee de Cluny. This we found to be a precious collection, in ten rooms, of curious carvings in wood and ivory, ancient furniture of splendid workmanship, religious ornaments, paintings and armour. Amongst the curiosities collected here, I may mention, the jaw-bone of Moliere, for the preservation of which, special attention seems to have been paid. In the square, or court, outside, we saw the Palace of Thermes, so called because the bath rooms are the only part preserved. The tank, or cold bath, is still there, just in the same form as when used one thousand years ago.

In walking along the streets this day, we were struck

by the large bands of soldiers we continually met, but to talk of Paris without noticing them, would be an omission indeed. On both our visits to this city, we remarked that while walking the streets, there was always some kind of soldier in sight, and this gives Paris a very military appearance.

Entering the Church of St. Eustache, we were closely followed by a wedding party, who immediately took their places near the altar, and were shortly after united in the "holy bonds of matrimony," in the manner and form prescribed by the Roman Catholic Church.

After dining, we hired an open carriage, and were driven for three hours in the Bois or Wood of Boulogne. This is the favourite retreat of the Parisians in summer, and although it is, strictly speaking, beyond the precincts of Paris, it forms part of one magnificent promenade or drive with the Champs Elysées. We found this wood full of picturesque slopes, winding ways, "with many a sylvan nook," shady avenues, and here and there in the hollows we came upon a transparent lake, filled with gold fish, and overshadowed with branching trees. "It seemed as if the song of birds, the ripple of water, and the peal of laughing voices, mingled with the murmur of the trees, through all the sunny day." We rode by many happy groups, pic-nicing in this pleasant wood. Respecting it, a writer has said—"You may fancy yourself in some classic Arcadia of the old days, but that instead of nymphs and shepherdesses, there were mere matter of fact mortals from the Rue St. Honore, together with a considerable number of blouses from the Faubourgs, and that now and then you catch sight of a ranger, whose office it is to preserve peace and order throughout this vast pleasure garden of the French

capital." As we rode along we came to the two large lakes, on each of which there is an island. Boats were plying on them, and alighting, we entered one, and were carried from one side of the lake to the other, and then to a Swiss cottage on one of the islands, where we had refreshment. We also visited the artificial grotto and cascades. On returning from our ride, we found the Champs Elysées filled with Parisian gaiety and beauty, and so in all the streets we passed through. An English writer says of the latter:—"If we take into consideration the lively sociable nature of the people, and a climate so favourable to out-door life, the unrivalled charm of the streets of Paris will be fully accounted for. Days and days may be passed mingling with their life, absorbing it, as it were, and still it will retain its novelty; nay, it will gain in interest, for while at first we are scarcely able to take in the *ensemble* of this life, by degrees we enter into its details. It is pleasant to lounge amongst it, at least this is the feeling of the writer, and if one is to judge by countenances, it is that of the busy throng which jostles him. It may indicate carelessness of the future, but it looks very much like tolerable satisfaction with, and enjoyment of, the present, and it is pleasant to behold."

This was our last day in Paris, and were I qualified for the work, I would give you here, the impressions produced in my own mind by the two visits I have paid to this city, so justly called "the head-quarters of European luxury and pleasure."

As this was to be our last evening in Paris, we determined to spend it at our hotel, and the time passed rapidly away as we took a retrospective glance at our trip, and how we had spent the time. We also spoke of our

intention, everything proving favourable, to visit next year, the classic shores of Italy, so that my readers may perhaps hear of our visit to the works of art in Rome—the Eternal City—or to the lovely lake of Como, and to the glorious bay of Naples, which, it is said, “cannot be surpassed for scenic beauty.” Perhaps we may be heard of, as wandering among the streets of Milan—the ancient capital of Lombardy; the famous city of Florence, with its palaces, spires, temples, and domes, and its perfect arcadia of elysian fields, bestudded with villas, villages, and palaces extending for miles on every side. Our intention is, also, to ramble among the ruins of Pompeii, the orange groves of Sorrento, and the fields of lava to the summit of Mount Vesuvius. And, to give the finish to our trip, visit “Venice, the bride of the sea, with its three hundred bridges, gondolas, and beautiful situation.” How far we may succeed in all this, Time alone can determine, but as to any account of that trip, I shall very reluctantly take my pen in hand again, having felt too much, in writing this present volume, like what Burns said of himself—

“This while my notion’s ta’en a sklent,
To try my fate in good black prent:
But still the more I’m that way bent,
Something cries, Hoolie!
I rede you, honest man, tak tent
Ye’ll shaw your folly.”

Saturday Morning.—We left Paris at 6-30, reaching Dieppe at ten o’clock, having travelled one hundred and twenty-six miles in three hours and a half, only once stopping (at Rouen) all the way. We went on board the “Alexandra,” and had, what in nautical phrase is termed “a good run.” Sea-sickness, with its train of unpleasantnesses, visited none of the Yorkshiremen on board, and we reached Newhaven at four p.m. The

custom house officers, on our leaving the vessel, merely asked if we had anything liable to duty, and on receiving a reply in the negative, allowed us to pass without further trouble. We entered the Station Hotel, and partook of dinner of roast beef, peas, and potatoes, with fragrant bohea, in such quantities as reminded us that we had passed from French mincing to good substantial English fare. We reached London at seven o'clock, got into a 'bus and were speedily located in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. The following day, we divided between the two great Metropolitan preachers—Spurgeon and Punshon—hearing the one in his "Tabernacle," and the other in a small chapel in Hornsey Road.

Monday.—Left King's Cross, at 2-30, p.m., and at eight was put down at the Morley station, of the Great Northern Railway; glad to reach home, for which, we exchanged willingly, the varieties, brilliancies, and excitements of our continental trip.

I may add here, a few words by way of conclusion, as to the cost of the trip, the imperfect narrative of which, is now about to finish. The pleasure and enjoyment we each received from the journey, I have already said enough about; but when I remember that we travelled over a distance of two thousand two hundred miles, at an outlay for each, of less than twenty pounds, one half of which was for locomotion, I feel that the pleasure, the health, the renovated spirits, and glorious reminiscences which are the result, have been cheaply acquired.

Samuel Rogers has well defined the pleasures of travelling, thus:—"Now in travelling we multiply events, and innocently. We set out, as it were, on our adventures; and many are those that occur to us, morning, noon, and night. The day we come to a place

which we have heard and read of—and in Switzerland we do so continually,—it is an era in our lives; and from that moment the very name calls up a picture. How delightfully, too, does the knowledge flow in upon us, and how fast! Would he who sat in a corner of his library, poring over his books and maps, learn more or so much in the time, as he who, with his eyes and his heart open, is receiving impressions all day long from the things themselves? How accurately do they arrange themselves in our memory,—towns, rivers, mountains; and in what living colours do we recal the dresses, manners, and customs of the people! Our sight is the noblest of all our senses,—‘It fills the mind with most ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues longest in action without being tired.’ Our sight is on the alert when we travel; and its exercise is then so delightful, that we forget the profit in the pleasure.”

I would now bid good-bye to those who have borne me company in imagination, and in doing so, would bear my testimony to the pre-eminence which England still holds in my heart over all of foreign lands I have seen.

“We may not have the mountains which some other lands may show,
Their sides adorn'd with vineyards, their summits crown'd with snow;
We may not boast the grandeur, or the melancholy grace,
Which tells of Time's destroying hand, or War's terrific trace;
But we have fertile valleys, we have hills, and dales, and dells,
Where peace and plenty smile around, and sweet contentment dwells,
And we have cliffs that beetle o'er, and battle with the spray
Of a thousand waves that roll around a shore as free as they.”

THE END.

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